The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XVI NO. 7 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1937 TEN CENTS A COPY

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"It comes nearer giving both the historical and sympathetic understanding of what the South is and how she came to be so than any recent book except 'Gone with the Wind'" . . .

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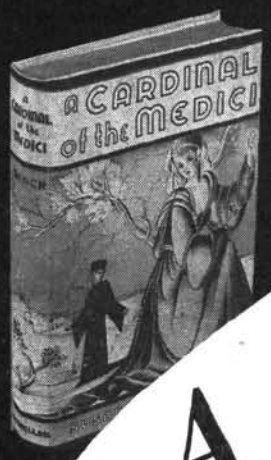

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The Minnesota Muse

BY JAMES GRAY

THAT militantly American doctrine called regionalism, which has tended in recent years to make of local prejudice something vaguely resembling a religion, would probably hold that the heavenly Muse does herself over, with protean variability, each time that she crosses a state line. No doubt the conviction is strong in the true believer's heart that when one of the inspirational sisters finds herself in Minnesota, she wearily gets out her make-up kit and prepares for a lugubrious session celebrating the sorrows of the soil and of the soul. The costume assigned to the Minnesota Muse, in the regionalist's handbook, is a decent, though shabby, Mother Hubbard. She sings exclusively of ruined wheat harvests and she sings of them with a strong Swedish accent.

It seems rather a shame to upset so picturesque, if slightly depressing, a notion. But that is not at all the way in which I see the Minnesota Muse. We have not put the stamp of our local character indelibly upon her. She remains what she was in the classical description: an austerely selective creature, not easily won but ready to be wooed by any artist of capacity no matter what his collection of individual preoccupations may be.

Anyone who examines the work done by Minnesota writers during our time is certain to be impressed by the catholicity of the taste that it reveals. There is no Minnesota school dedicated solemnly to the celebration of particular traits, problems, people. Our writers do not make love in print to the Ten Thousand lakes, the Iron Range, or even the Mississippi, unless they do it as paid pamphleteers in which case they jealously and furtively protect their anonymity. They are concerned no more than is normal and inevitable with Minnesota history. Very early in its career Minnesota fell into the habit of considering itself a part of the world, rather than as an entity with a special psychology and a special sensibility to be tenderly cherished and garrulously analyzed.

It is as a microcosm of the great world of letters that Minnesota may be most rewardingly examined. Our community has produced writers of every kind with every brand of philosophy. Styles in psyches present as wide a variety as can

CHARLES MACOMB FLANDRAU
"A literary tradition in himself."

be found in the whole national pageant. We have the powerful and purposive psyche; the sleek, chic psyche, and, of course, the inevitable number of tawdry ones as well.

For everyone, except perhaps Van Wyck Brooks, it is almost impossible to say how a literary tradition gets started. But it would not surprise me in the least if the truth were disclosed at last that Minnesota's creative writers in our time have been unconsciously meeting the challenge nonchalantly tossed off years ago by Charles Flandrau.

The author of "Harvard Episodes," "Viva Mexico," and "Loquacities" is the complete cosmopolitan. He has achieved that distinction, not through any snobbish desire to appear at home in all the capitals of the world, but simply by virtue of his profound belief that human intelligence is spread in a very thin layer over the entire surface of the globe and that one place is as good as another for study of the way in which man's heart and mind work.

When he went out from St. Paul many years ago to study at Harvard, certain aspects of undergraduate life precociously roused his imagination. In two books, written in his early twenties, Flandrau recorded impressions upon which later generations have been quite unable to improve. At another time, chance set him down on a coffee plantation in Mexico and out of that experience came a book which has been rediscovered, with the greatest regularity every five years, by each of the critical oracles in turn and portentously pronounced "a classic." Whether he writes about attending kindergarten in St. Paul during the 1880's or living in provincial France under the shadow of the 1930's, he is able to reveal some essential, some universally applicable, significance about human life.

"Viva Mexico" contains a much admired and frequently reprinted chapter on the trials of the gallant Trawmbeighs who devoutly cherished their British tradition of formality while living the precarious existence of genteel poverty. St. Paul knows that the brave and pathetic people who sat for their family portrait in that passage were actually its fellow citizens, not immigrants to Mexico. When he was once asked why he had transported the Trawmbeighs so wilfully, Flandrau replied: "Because I happened to be writing a book about Mexico." He might very well have answered that all his books are about the human race, whose essential characteristics remain much the same in Mexico, Minnesota, and Madeira.

Flandrau is unique. No one who has written in this century even remotely resembles him except, of course, Max Beerbohm. I dare to pay him this tribute without fear of being accused of local prejudice. For as even the most incorruptible of the oracles, Alexander Woollcott, would be glad to tell you—with, of course, the proper display of tart, tender, and tearful

Next Week

AMERICAN DREAM
By MICHAEL FOSTER
Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones

KENNEBEC: CRADLE OF AMERICANS
By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN
Reviewed by Kenneth Kempton

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ingenuity—Flandrau is a literary tradition in himself. Minnesota writers have felt that if so cultivated a mind, so shrewd an insight, and so gay a humor could flower in the isolation of St. Paul, they had no reason to regret their heritage.

With several writers of importance, Flandrau's influence has been by no means unconscious. Sinclair Lewis, for example, has acknowledged his indebtedness with pride. Probably it amounted to little more than that Flandrau offered a brilliant example of how to avoid the merely parochial point of view in the discussion of human affairs. But the progress of Lewis, from the time when he was known to his fellow citizens in Sauk Center by an affectionate but completely irreverent nickname (since it is well to be exact in these essential matters of literary criticism, the sobriquet was "Doodle") to the moment when he became known to the world as the first American winner of the Nobel Prize, has been toward a broad and inclusive view of human society.

SINCLAIR LEWIS

Minnesota very definitely gave Lewis the education, experience, and attitudes which are reflected in the two novels with which the important phase of his literary career was begun. For "Main Street" and for "Babbitt," he chose as backgrounds Minnesota communities with which he was intimately familiar. From them he selected familiar types and characteristic conflicts. The task which he set himself was to make the crises in the lives of the Kennicotts and the Babbitts seem typical of similar men and women everywhere in America. On the basis of an individual case, he wished to produce a generalization of universal validity. That approach to the literary problem has been followed by many another Minnesota writer who has come after.

Lewis has long since become a world figure. I'm sure there will be no grudging and possessive jealousy, on the part of the loyal sons of Sauk Center, if bronze tablets and statues are put up to him in any, or all, of the places with which he has recently been identified. The incontestable facts will satisfy them: that Lewis sprang from Minnesota and that, as he has progressed in his own psychology from the bright and ready provincialism of Babbitt, through the worldly adaptability of Dodsworth, to the resolute self-esteem of Doremus Jessup, he has followed the best tradition of the Minnesota writer.

MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

The career of Scott Fitzgerald shows a similar pattern. He was once a schoolboy in St. Paul. Since that time he has had many distinctions. As chronicler of the flapper's bright audacity, the "lost generation's" bewilderment, and the expatriate's dismal dissipations, he has addressed his observations to a large, international audience. Yet his primary and essential education was received in his native city. In St. Paul he studied intimately the type of brilliant and lordly youth with whom he has always been preoccupied. Much his finest piece of work, "The Great Gatsby," makes a kind of passive hero of such a young man from home. The narrator of the story is a Minnesotan, living in New York among frenzied vulgarians to whom he presents a charming contrast by virtue of his superior qualities of insight, humor, and compassion.

His function in the novel is to throw into high relief the loneliness of Gatsby, a Prohibition Croesus, who longs hopelessly for the unattainable security that he believes to be the gift of a graceful and long-established social tradition. His aspirations become increasingly dramatic and increasingly pathetic as the reader is made to see how lightly, yet how firmly, the narrator has his hands upon those social values which Gatsby can never have.

But all of Fitzgerald's work has tended toward the conclusion that these social values are not sufficient to keep his brilliant and lordly young men from slipping into weariness, emotional squalor, and the overwhelming conviction of being damned.

It is strange and rather appalling that a community whose entire history has been as short as that of Minnesota should have been able to produce as brilliant a representative of the decadent tradition as Fitzgerald. One is tempted to indulge again the fanciful notion that Minnesota yielded to a stern duty in creating him. Having imagined herself as a microcosm of the great world of letters, it seemed necessary to dramatize in one of her sons the doomed quality of the unproductive way of life.

GRACE FLANDRAU

No one, I think, will question the thoroughness of the job that she has made of it. Out from a community that was so recently the home of the pioneer gods, has gone this accomplished, witty, and now, by his own confession, utterly defenseless member of the fallen angel contingent.

It seems a very curious whim on the part of Minnesota to have produced Scott Fitzgerald. But it is consistent with the program of representing every kind of literary tradition that the country has ever had.

The list of Minnesota cosmopolitans could be greatly extended. Grace Flandrau is a tireless explorer in space and in time. Born in St. Paul and educated in Paris, she is by training and natural curiosity disinclined to take into her sphere of vision fewer than two good-sized continents at a time. Mrs. Flandrau is interested in the quaint mores of Summit Avenue, St. Paul, and has written of them with mordant wit in the novel called "Being Respectable." But she is no less interested in the quaint mores of the African jungle. They became her material in the travel book, "Then I Saw the Congo." The jungle of the mind is also her province as she proved in the novel, "Indeed This Flesh," which examined the fate of a Minnesota pioneer whose tragedy it was to live under the shadow of an oppressive sense of sin. In the volume of stories, called "Under the Sun," the various elements of her talent are brought together. The interior of the mind becomes the scene of conflict in studies of the bitter passions. Africa supplies the background, but the actors are chiefly white men, so isolated from all the modifying and correcting influences of a familiar civilization that their dominating emotions become brilliantly and appallingly clarified.

SCOTT FITZGERALD

Mrs. Flandrau, who is Charles Flandrau's sister-in-law, shares his feeling that the best background for literature is the one in which a good writer happens to be at the moment. Open your eyes on a red road into a Congo jungle and suddenly all that you have learned in New York, Paris, and St. Paul may become synthesized in one revealing moment.

Minnesota can even be persuaded to yield, quite gracefully, to Gilbert's temptation to belong to another nation. Before her marriage to a Frenchman, Ruth Phelps wrote poetry and critical essays in English and taught Dante in Italian at the University of Minnesota. Since becoming

(*Continued on page* 14)

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by The Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year. Vol. XVI, No. 7, June 12, 1937. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879.

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From Sections to Regions

THE ROAD TO REUNION. By Paul H. Buck. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1937. $3.25.

Reviewed by HOWARD W. ODUM

RECENT Pulitzer awards to "The Flowering of New England" and "Gone With the Wind" reflect the continuing interest and vitality in the early American sectionalism and the newer emerging regionalism. This distinction between regionalism and sectionalism is of the greatest importance at the present time. By regionalism we mean a new American social economy and cultural determinism, as opposed to the early American sectionalism and geographic, economic determinism. Such regionalism is also opposed to the traditional literary localism. Indeed, perhaps the first distinction between the new realistic regionalism and the older sectionalism is that regionalism assumes first, last, and always a totality composed of the several areal and cultural units, a great national unity and integrated culture in which each region exists as a region solely as a component unit in the whole. Sectionalism, on the other hand, always assumes isolated, segregated areal divisions with potential completeness in themselves and looked upon as separate entities. This was the magnificent picture of Frederick Jackson Turner's sectionalism in American life. This was James Truslow Adams's "American tragedy."

Popularity of much of the recent literature on the South rests on the feeling that separate cultural episodes or character or people were being portrayed on a screen that was essentially still "different." Paul Buck's new volume, "The Road to Reunion," comes therefore as a possible powerful and timely tool for the new realistic regionalism. I say "possible" because his story may not reach a large audience and because in content and documentation the book has not quite bridged the distance between the old authentic sectionalism and the new regionalism. The book, however, if supplemented by the story of what has happened since 1900, would appear to be the most significant contribution of its kind in recent years.

I rate it thus highly for several reasons. It is, as Professor Schlesinger says, a good book in both history and literature. It tells the story of cultural conflict and of propaganda more vividly and comprehensively than any other book that has appeared. Dr. Buck looks more objectively and impartially at the North and the South. New youth coming on, or new citizens from other lands, can gather from it the stubborn cultural attitudes as they grew up and waxed powerful. While the book follows the historical method, it features more of the cultural aspects of Southern development—religion, politics, race, war wounds, propaganda, mass psychology, defense mechanisms, pride, loyalties, hatreds—than other volumes have done. It is better balanced than Claude Bowers's books, less specialized than George Fort Milton's, and more authentic than Dr. DuBois's "Black Reconstruction." And it comes nearer giving both the historical and sympathetic understanding of what the South is and how she came to be so than any recent book except "Gone with the Wind," which a distinguished social scientist says has been more effective than all the research so far presented.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA LEGISLATURE OF 1873
From a drawing by William R. Leigh.

Dr. Buck makes his distinction between regionalism and sectionalism by analyzing Democracy in the South, Republicanism in the North, and race and religion in both as they were reflected in their general attitude toward God, home, and country and in their more specific relation to the Negro. No people or region, conditioned as was the South by the tenets of loyalty and patriotism, could develop otherwise than toward a willingness to fight for its belief and to the right to survival as an entity. Where regional economy would tend to readjust, rebuild, and recondition North and South both and weld them into a greater national culture and more solid union, sectionalism operated inevitably on the part of the South toward separatism and on that of the North toward coercion. In the light of this thesis a new understanding is possible of that caricature of the national scene which has its source in sectionalism; in propaganda, and in threats by minority groups to coerce rural and regional areas which do not conform to the urban and sectional shibboleths.

Dr. Buck has oversimplified the premise of his title—that reunion has been achieved—and assumed a completeness of reconciliation not justified at the turn of the century and since. That is, he has portrayed the "miracle of reconciliation" but not the reintegration and coördination necessary for an effective national homogeneity which comes through the weaving together of several regional homogeneities, thus avoiding the conflict and natural heterogeneity which emerges from so big and complex a nation.

I think there are a few factors which need further exposition or treatment. The assumption that the South long ago in its earliest stages "aspired to independence and failed" contradicts the other premises of cultural conditioning. Clearly the nationalistic sentiment and later secession were fruits of economic and cultural factors, just as the threats of secession in New England might have had stimuli toward the same ends. These are not merely academic distinctions because they have the utmost bearing upon our present great problem of economic and cultural reconstruction.

There are several cultural forces which Dr. Buck does not appear to have featured in adequate perspective. Among these are the Ku Klux Klan, the Daughters of the Confederacy, state loyalties and pride, Decoration Day oratory and flowers, local historians and essayists, as influences on the South. In the North there were economic factors of expansion and exploitation, editorial invective and condescension, a more closed attitude, although less bitter, toward the South than the Southern attitude toward the North. The uniform tendency of people outside the South to believe everything or anything that was said about the South as characterizing the whole and every part of the South was a definitive sort of force, more powerful in its capacity to create the attitude that the South was, is, and always will be different, than has been indicated in the sources. Finally, an enduring "balance" of forces and products cannot be attained without a full recognition of the cultural heritage which the South typified in the age-long tragedy of errors of race conflict and exploitation, the world over, anywhere, everywhere, any time, all times. In historical perspective this problem becomes clearer in the light of what has happened since 1900 in America and in the world at large. Above all this was and is a regional-national rather than a sectional-local situation.

Howard W. Odum is professor of sociology at the University of North Carolina.

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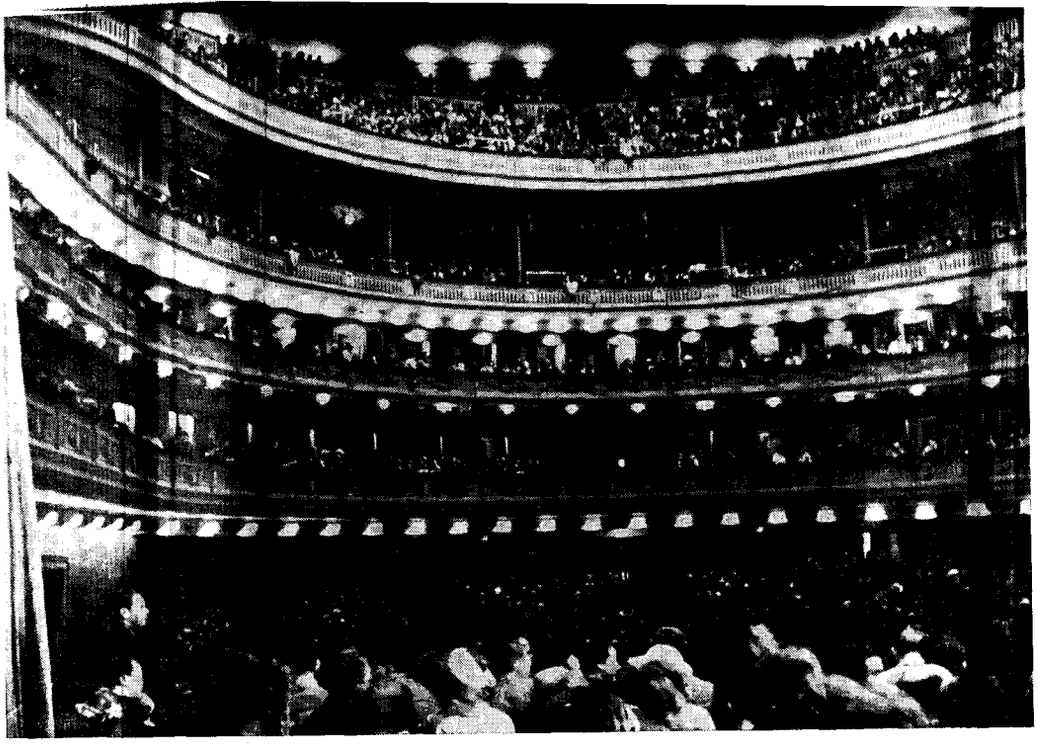

The second American Writers' Congress inaugurated its three-day session on June 4 with an open meeting at Carnegie Hall. Archibald MacLeish was chairman; the speakers included Ernest Hemingway, Walter Duranty, Earl Browder, and others. The audience (above, photographed from the press box) is listening to an address broadcast from the platform by Donald Ogden Stewart (right), who was elected president of the Congress. For full report see next page.

Ludwig Lewisohn (left), in the garden at Tudor City in New York, is the author of the recent novel, "Trumpets of Jubilee" . . . (Above) Blackburn Sims and his publishers, Longmans Green, at the trailer party they gave for book reviewers in the parking lot at Rockefeller Center. "Admiral" Sims, in the light suit, wrote "The Trailer Home."

Two young novelists with Book-of-the-Month Club selections this spring are William Maxwell (left), author of "They Came Like Swallows," in his office at *The New Yorker;* and Millen Brand (above), author of "The Outward Room," on the roof of 386 Fourth Ave., above the Inner Sanctum.

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The Second Writers' Congress

BY EUGENE ARMFIELD

WITH the establishment of a new organization of American writers and the election of Donald Ogden Stewart to its presidency, the National Congress of American writers came to a close on June 6th, after two days of intensive sessions held at the New School for Social Research in New York. At the closing session, the Congress, by vote of the delegates, acclaimed a number of works as "the most socially useful books" of the past year. The books honored were "The Big Money," by John Dos Passos, "American Testament," by Joseph Freeman, "The People, Yes," by Carl Sandburg, "Marching Song," by John Howard Lawson, and "The Flowering of New England," by Van Wyck Brooks.

The Congress began with a general meeting, open to the public, at Carnegie Hall, on Friday night, June 4th. A good deal has been said about the nature and political complexion of the Congress: perhaps a few facts and statistics should be recorded. The name, National Congress of American Writers, is at once too grandiose and too all-inclusive to convey an exact notion of the gathering's makeup. The expressed program was the defence of culture against fascism, the furtherance of a democratic united front of writers of differing shades of opinion for this purpose, and the discussion of the literary, economic, and technical problems of writers. All authors interested in this basic program were invited. The sponsoring body was the League of American Writers, an organization of socially-minded (left-wing, if you like) writers, which was formed at the first American Writers' Congress two years ago.

The League Membership

Many members of the League, though not all of them, are communists. At the Congress, of the six speakers who addressed the mass meeting, only one was a communist. At the closed sessions, about a dozen writers delivered papers. Roughly, half of them were communists, half were not. Chairmen of the various meetings were divided in about the same proportions. The official number of delegates was 358, of whom 86 were from outside of New York, although no more than 150 attended any single session at the New School. Among them were communists, socialists, liberals, writers of no political beliefs at all, and a sprinkling of Trotskyites.

So far as what was said is concerned, the only political notion advocated was democratic opposition to fascism and reaction. Otherwise politics as such played a small part in the discussions; on the other hand, a great deal of emphasis was placed on the writers' social responsibilities.

Carnegie Hall was packed for the opening meeting on Friday night. Every seat, the stage, and the aisles were filled and many were turned away. Archibald MacLeish presided and introduced the other speakers.

Spotlight on Spain

Since any gathering devoted to anti-fascism at the present time must of necessity be concerned with the civil war in Spain, the main emphasis was on the heroic struggle of Spanish democracy against native and foreign fascists, and on the part being played by the many writers who have gone to Spain to aid the loyalists. The most popular speaker of the evening was Ernest Hemingway, who has been in Spain as the representative of a number of American papers. Mr. Hemingway spoke feelingly of his experiences during the recent weeks and of the writers who are in the front lines. Preceding his talk, Joris Ivins, the Dutch film artist who made "Rain," "Borinage," and "New Earth," showed sections from his forthcoming film taken during the actual fighting in Spain. One segment presented a sequence filmed during the air bombardment of an unfortified village. Anyone who saw terrified women and children moving among bursting shells could readily understand the vehemence of the writers who have been in the midst of the war.

Other speakers emphasized the obligation of the writer to interpret the social and historical forces at work around him. Donald Ogden Stewart presented himself as an amusingly horrific example of the reformist writer who goes to Hollywood. Mr. Stewart spoke of the clown-with-a-breaking-heart type of humor, which he has himself practiced for many years, remarking that American humor, particularly "crazy" humor, points to the spiritual bankruptcy of literature under capitalism. Mr. Stewart concluded that writers are less important in the social scheme than workers.

Walter Duranty in a brief talk defended the attitude of liberals and impartial seekers after truth, an attitude generally ridiculed by other speakers.

The Communist Position

The most cogent and closely reasoned speech and in many ways the most interesting was that of Earl Browder, General Secretary of the Communist Party. Mr. Browder has said the same things before, particularly at the first Writers' Congress, but his party's position toward writers has been so variously interpreted that his speech had importance as an authoritative statement. Mr. Browder denied that communists seek to regiment writers, or turn them into labor organizers or leaflet distributors. The function of the writer in society, he said, is to interpret the truth as he understands it according to his training and knowledge, to write more and better books. He predicted that the great literature of the future would come from writers who are in close touch with the struggles of the masses.

Muriel Draper also spoke briefly. Senator Nye and Congressman Bernard, who were scheduled to speak, did not appear.

Literary Sessions

The sessions at the New School Saturday and Sunday were concerned largely with literary matters. American literature was the general theme Saturday morning, the contemporary literatures of other countries on Saturday afternoon. The session on Sunday afternoon discussed the position of the writer in the contemporary American scene. The papers which provoked on the whole the most discussion and enthusiasm were Newton Arvin's paper on American literature, B. A. Botkin's discussion of regionalism, Martha Gellhorn's effective account of men writing and fighting in Spain, and Henry Hart's discouraging picture of present-day publishing. Clifton Fadiman defended the industry from the floor. Other speakers included Kyle Crichton, Kenneth Burke, Malcolm Cowley, Frances Winwar, Carleton Beals, Albert Rhys Williams, Granville Hicks, Henry G. Alsberg, and Eugene Holmes.

Mr. Arvin put forward that the aims of present-day writers of the "left and the center heading toward the left" are the culmination of a long tradition of democracy in American letters. Mr. Eli Siegel from the floor mildly startled the company by declaring that "this guy Longfellow" has meaning for our time. "The Psalm of Life," Mr. Siegel pointed out, "The Village Blacksmith," and "The Building of a Ship," are poems of social content.

B. A. Botkin, of the University of Oklahoma, formerly editor of *Folk Say,* held that regional particularism, as exemplified by the Southwestern Indian movement headed by Mary Austin and the program of the Southern Agrarians, is anti-cultural, because it takes one social pattern for granted. Its result is futile mysticism, sentimentality, and the ruination and economic exploitation of the peoples, like the Indians, whose culture it attempts to develop. In its place, Mr. Botkin urged that regionalism be tested by anthropology and the science of culture, that it abandon the depiction of race culture for the depiction of the class struggle, in short, that regionalism be reconciled with Marxism. Mr. Botkin's position was attacked from the floor by John Gould Fletcher, who argued that the thesis presented had nothing to do with culture. Merle Colby, Robert Gessner, Philip Stevenson, and others joined the discussion.

The meetings on Sunday morning were

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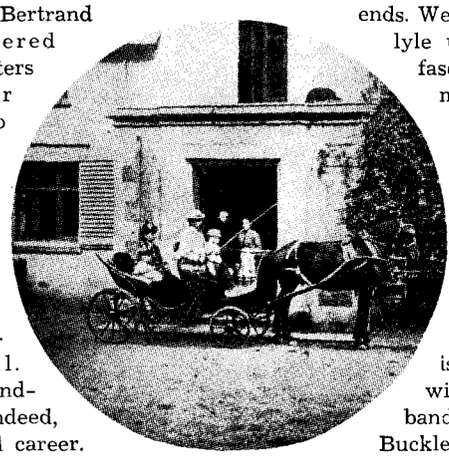
Notes on Some Victorians

THE AMBERLEY PAPERS: The Letters and Diaries of Bertrand Russell's Parents. By Bertrand and Patricia Russell. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1937. *Two volumes.* $10.

Reviewed by HENRY HAZLITT

BERTRAND RUSSELL'S father, John Russell, afterwards Lord Amberley, was the eldest son of the one-time Prime Minister of England, Lord John (afterwards Earl) Russell. His mother, Kate Stanley, was a daughter of Lord Stanley of Alderley. Both were born in 1842; they were married in 1864, when she was twenty-two and he was still only twenty-one. Bertrand's mother died from diphtheria when he was two years old, and his father died twenty months later. The result was that he has no recollection of his mother, and only very faint recollections of his father. He was brought up by his paternal grandmother.

It must have been with a peculiar delight, therefore, that Bertrand Russell first discovered these journals and letters of his parents. For they reveal two young people with the intellectual and moral qualities that he himself admires and so notably exemplifies. They were widely curious, candid, ardent, "advanced," rational. Amberley's open-mindedness and candor, indeed, cost him his political career. He was defeated in the general election of 1868 chiefly because reports got about that he had discussed birth control, not unfavorably, at a private meeting in London. After this he devoted himself to writing. His style and thinking were greatly influenced by John Stuart Mill. It was Mill's "Subjection of Women," also, that emboldened Kate Amberley to become an ardent feminist, addressing meetings in favor of women's suffrage. The cumulative effect of free-thought, feminism, and the suspicion of "Malthusianism" was to shock society. But the Amberleys had always, when possible, comments their distinguished son, "chosen their associates for brains, and in their later years they saw very little of the grand folk who figure in their early diaries."



LORD AND LADY AMBERLEY, 1871

Though Amberley wrote some abstract articles of unusual acumen, it is Kate's journals that are usually much the more interesting and pungent. These volumes are by no means merely a pious family album of narrow appeal. They are not only a peculiarly intimate picture of the Victorian age as a whole, but of some of its greatest literary and intellectual figures. We are back in the atmosphere which suggested "The Mikado" when we read of the appearance of the Japanese Ambassadors in England for the first time, at the opening of the exhibition of 1862: "There were four of them curiously dressed in petticoats & dressing gowns like the painted figures on the screens but wearing two large swords in front of them." We get confirmation of Queen Victoria's unpopularity in 1866 in Kate's entry in her journal: "No respect or loyalty seems left in the way people allow themselves to talk of the Queen saying things like: 'What do we pay her for if she will not do her work' and 'she had better abdicate if she is incompetent to do her duty,'" etc., etc.

These are entries that persons less fortunately placed might have made. But the Amberleys were constantly meeting the literary great at dinner parties and weekends. We get glimpses of Carlyle uttering violently fascist opinions, interminably talking and saying that people had far better not talk; of Jane Carlyle being self-consciously the martyr, "she is come here for a week . . . to get a new coat to her nerves she says, for it is wanted after living with a dispeptic husband"; of the historian Buckle, "very agreeable but certainly conceited," who told how long he slept and what exercise he took as if it were very important; of Anthony Trollope and Thomas Huxley at the same dinner party, with "T's voice too loud," drowning out Huxley's "pleasant quiet voice"; of George Lewes, likable, but "desperately ugly, small, dirty looking, long hair and bad complexion"; of his wife George Eliot, "an ugly large woman"; of Renan, "hideously ugly like a toad in face." Mrs. Grote gives an unflattering picture of Mrs. Mill, and we get many sidelights on the philosopher himself. His nobility and his rather naive optimism (the latter quality was shared by the age) are combined in this comment: "He said the great thing was to consider one's opponents as one's allies; as people climbing the hill on the other side. This view he said was becoming more held every day."

The Amberleys came to America shortly after the Civil War, and met Agassiz, Longfellow, Lowell, and Emerson. "Mrs. E. is an invalid, with a face so ghastly that she looks like a corpse; she is a decided Christian in belief, does not understand her husband's mind, and disapproves of him. . . . Emerson himself I found a very kind, gentle, amiable man; his face, smile and accent are remarkably like Gladstone's; he talks much, and goes on a long time without any question or remark being made by the listener; . . . he evidently feels great regret about Carlyle's despotic and anti-liberal views."

Bertrand Russell himself appears in these diaries and letters only as a baby who "lifts his head and looks about in a very energetic way"; who is about to be, but luckily is not, named Galahad; and who is brought into the room with his brother when his father is dying: "The Dr. lifted Bertrand up & he kissed him gently and softly & said, 'Goodbye my little dears for ever.'"

Stories Are Not Essays

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1937. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANCES WOODWARD

THIS year Mr. O'Brien has assembled twenty-nine stories for his book, ranging in length from very short pieces to three which he wants us to call "novellas." Many of these stories are very good; most of them have excellent moments. But as a group they present a curious aspect, particularly after Mr. O'Brien's insistence that they are the best, and his pontifical prefaces. It is difficult to believe that experiment in fictional form is admirable solely because it is experiment, or that the amateur is the sacred cow of the arts. To conceive with high ambition is not enough; a successful short story is one which beyond reasonable doubt achieves the goal it set out for. If short pieces of contemporary fiction must be explained to contemporary readers we embark on the use of words to explain words to explain words and end up in a philological laboratory. The story cast in the stream of consciousness form, such as Emma Goldchaux's "Chains" and Ursula MacDougall's "Titty's Dead and Tatty Weeps" is disastrously dangerous to play with. In this technique Virginia Woolf is triumphant, yet Mrs. Woolf herself places on her readers so tremendous a burden of informed response, supposes in them so delicate and diverse a knowledge of today's nuances, that one may wonder with genuine alarm if she will, fifty years from now, be understandable to any but those who approach her steeped in research.

All the Year Book stories have in common the discarding of plot for the development of character, a preoccupation with man's isolation, an indirection or misdirection of human normality. Nearly all of them are laxly overwritten. The tightest,

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least rambling ones are apt to be those like Morley Callaghan's "The Voyage Out" and Buckner's "The Man Who Won the War," which appeared respectively in the *New Yorker* and *Scribner's*, both magazines which set sharp space limits.

By and large the stories end, in Mr. O'Brien's own phrase, "in a moment of arrested significant reality." It is not universally satisfactory to have characters drift away from the reader, back into the author's mind, unjelled by their exposure to narrative, and in most cases such endings leave a feeling of incompetence rather than an awe of the higher artistry. A happy exception to this unease is Paul Horgan's "The Surgeon and the Nun." His characters, in a tale of violent and unexpected encounter, disappear from view not because the author leaves them at loose ends but because of the inevitable impermanence inherent in their meeting at all.

Of the three "novellas" (none of which is longer than twelve thousand words) I. V. Morris's "Marching Orders" appears the least successful, the one which would most have benefited by compression. "The Iron City," by Lovell Thompson, and Ellis St. Joseph's "Passenger to Bali" are both Conradian stories, and the sea paces the mood. There are fine passages in "The Iron City." Of the vernacular stories Jesse Stuart's "Hair" comes out the best.

Ernest Hemingway at his best needs no one to affirm his superiority. "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" made an event of the issue of *Esquire* in which it was published, and makes an event of the O'Brien book. It also makes as good a criterion as any from which to sum up the anthology. Almost without exception the O'Brien authors present death, negation, futility, and the more unpleasant dilemmas in which our carcases involve us, and present them in unconventional fiction forms. So does Hemingway. But he does not feel it necessary to perform some preposterous surgery on the human entity which lops off the inseparable other qualities of laughter, wordliness, cynicism, hard tenderness, and viscera. His writing plans are clear, and his tools are sharp. Too few of his anthology companions see people in the round. Too few of them see the structure of a story as meticulously laid out as an architect's blue print, and its unfolding, whether in dialogue, mind, or setting, as precise as the informed blows of a master carpenter's hammer. They dismiss plot as a "contrivance." I wonder. Many of them write well. Plainly all of them are excessively critical. They would be the first to say that though a sonnet of sixteen lines might be a poem it would not be a sonnet. A "story" is a tale to tell. It is not a philosophical or neurological essay, nor a novel fragment, nor a highly inferred sketch; when a story turns out to be any of these things it is not, with all due respect to Mr. O'Brien, either a story or "the best."

Supermen and Cosmic Rays

STAR-BEGOTTEN. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Viking Press. 1937. $1.75.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

H. G. WELLS. *Caricature by Covarrubias, from "In the Worst Possible Taste" by John Riddell (Scribners).*

FAITH is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. "The Croquet Player" suggested that even Wells was beginning to lose hope for the current human race, bedeviled by its antediluvian inheritance; but he still believes in the Great Race to come, and he is not willing, as is Olaf Stapledon, to wait through a few million years of recurrent catastrophe till evolution works it out. "Starry souls are born not made," says one of his latest characters; and "Star-Begotten" is a fanciful-hopeful suggestion of how the Word might be made flesh in time to offer some nourishment to an elderly utopist, who cannot wait much longer if he is to see the kingdom of Heaven this side of Jordan.

The book commences with the uneasy apprehensions of Mr. Joseph Davis, an expectant father who does not understand his wife and expects still less to understand her offspring. The name has an obvious symbolism but Wells presently drops that as he drops the scientific conjecture that serves as a springboard for his tale—that cosmic rays may perhaps, or just might, affect chromosomes and thus become the cause of mutations. "The vast majority of these mutations are aimless and useless," says the scientist who first mentions them; but the aimless and useless will not do for Wells. So another character suggests that the Martians on their worn-out planet, too wise to think they might ever occupy this one (probably because they read "The War of the Worlds" and realized their disabilities) are shooting cosmic rays at us, hoping to hit a chromosome now and then and transfer a bit of Martian character and intelligence to a human body.

To Mr. Joseph Davis (and his creator) this idea has much appeal. Before long we lose sight of aimless and useless mutations; to the little group of three devotees who develop the idea every human being of outstanding quality becomes a "starry soul" shot into our midst on a cosmic ray, if not by Martians at least by Somebody (though Wells would not admit the capital) who realizes that something drastic must be done about the human race. A few thousand years ago the extra-terrestrial marksmen had not found the range, hits were few (Socrates, Buddha, etc.); but now the aim is improving. "A new sort of mind is coming into the world, with a new, simpler, clearer, and more powerful way of thinking." So far these Martians, or supermen, or whatever you call them have appeared chiefly as inventors; for, unaware of what they are and tangled up in irrational human relations, they can make little progress in social behavior but they can do wonders with things. But presently they will recognize one another, they will begin to get together—informally, half-consciously, but "may not all these clearer intelligences, confronted with the same problems, arrive at practically identical judgments about them? I cling to the belief that for the human brain, properly working, there is one wisdom and not many." Thus a character who has evidently read his Wells, and knows what the "one wisdom" will look like.

When these supermen, mostly scientific experts, begin to behave rationally, it will be hard on the Paleolithic survivals who now rule the world. Aviators will decide to bomb their own G.H.Q. instead of the enemy's, surgeons called in to cure dictators will kill them instead. To the laymen it may look as if things would be even more confused than they are now; but to the eye of faith, enlightened by the one wisdom, it is a bright prospect. "Not a revolution, a new kind of behavior; . . . the Enlightenment." Though "there may have to be a certain amount of fighting and killing, police hunts for would-be dictators and gangsters, etc."

None of this is very new, and it calls for no more comment than any other escapist apocalypse. Except that being written by Wells, it is far more entertaining than most of them; especially as he lapses frequently into his apotropaic mood, thinking of all the things other people might say about his previous books (never the current one, of course) and saying them better by way of averting the divine displeasure.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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Mark Twain on the Screen

"THE Prince and the Pauper" must be called the poorest of Mark Twain's novels, for though it nowhere lapses so far into the preposterous as "The American Claimant," it never taps his best material or exhibits his best manner as the latter sometimes does. He wrote it during the years when he was also writing his masterpiece, returning to it at intervals with rather more passionate admiration of the idea than he felt for "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." To write about boys, feuds, and low life in frontier Missouri was all very well, but a story set in the time of Edward VI was clearly art and, besides, could be filled with social criticism, which he somehow did not associate with Huck Finn's experiences. His family thought little of the strain that will soon work into the admiration of our proletarian critics but, rejoicing, agreed that sixteenth century England was certainly art and nineteenth century Missouri certainly was not. It was characteristic of him to overvalue the book and even more characteristic to make its primary purpose impossible by trying to set the social criticism in a story written for children.

By leaving out a good deal that Mark put into the book and adding a good deal that he did not, the movies have made an excellent picture of it. They have been faithful to Mark Twain, and never more so than in the high-speed travesty in the coronation scene at the end. None of this except the identification of the real prince by means of the Great Seal is in the book, but the scene is pitched in a mood of wild burlesque which he frequently invoked and which he would certainly have approved here. If the scene is quite out of key with the narrative of the picture, his own moments of burlesque usually were also.

The screen must do instantaneously many things that a novel can do gradually. Thus in the book it is possible to let the original mistake that starts the prince on his wanderings develop a situation slowly and according to its own logic, but the screen play has to provide a foolproof argument at the very start and so has to introduce a villain. This necessitates the most radical departure from Mark's story: the villain is a conspirator at Court and knows all along that Tom Canty is an impostor. Most of the other alterations hinge on that one, though the movie introduces some irrelevant drama of its own, rather needlessly since there was plenty in the book that was irrelevant enough. But the story is, in mood and in the larger outline, just about as Mark wrote it.

The "idea," that is, has been preserved. The events start from the same causes and come to the same results by similar logic, though in detail they are changed. It is significant, however, that this successful adaptation is made from the novelist's worst work. That is not to say that only bad novels can be made into good movies (though the proposition has been persuasively argued) but that a novelist is at his best when he is working with his medium in such a way that to transfer his intention to a different medium is to destroy what is most important in him. There is, for example, plenty of story in "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," there are plenty of events which could be put together in a self-sustaining and logical narrative and so, no doubt, made into a very good movie. But the events as they have meaning for use are inseparable from their impact on the mind and sympathies of Huck Finn. To separate them from that impact would be not only to deprive them of meaning and power—it would be to make them into entirely different events. The mind and sympathies of Huck Finn are in and of the novel: if you try to imagine them expressed in some other medium you annihilate them. It was possible to lift the events of "The Prince and the Pauper" out of the book because the events were the whole of the book, they were not merely a supporting part of an effect that can be got only in fiction. But one reads the news that "Tom Sawyer" has gone into production with a premonition that it will not get Mark Twain on celluloid. It may turn out to be a first-rate movie, but it will not be "Tom Sawyer."

Away from It All

Most of the shop windows have bathing suits in them, but there are enough fishing rods, tennis rackets, golf clubs, and camp axes to fertilize your fantasy if you are not fond of swimming. The traffic cops have taken off their blouses, the season of baccalaureate sermons is upon us, and Maine, Vermont, the upper Great Lakes, and the various mountain chains will presently swarm with black flies and novelists. And in obedience to one of the superstitions of their trade, the notion that people well not buy serious books in the summer time, publishers are steaming ahead with their fall lists. The superstition has lost some of its power, for the list of forthcoming books for the next three months contains some interesting titles, but the bulk of the list is hammock fiction, treatises on the forehand drive, and handbooks on trailers.

Yet the notion that people do not read serious books during the summer is derived from homeopathic magic and violates both reason and the facts. The lover of literature is an addict, not a wet and dry bulb thermometer, and he reads whenever he can. In actual fact he gets more time for books in the summer than at any other season. Whether he is on vacation or in town, half his friends are elsewhere; it is the habit of business to go into the doldrums when hot weather comes and some of the professions frankly recess, so that there is less pressure on him; even if he is given to exercise, he spends a good part of his time in a deck-chair recovering from muscle strain. He has time and the mood for books.

Furthermore, the summer is the time when people catch up on their reading. The vacationist is supposed to want only detective stories, but he is more likely to take Proust along with him, to see if this year he can't get beyond "The Guermantes Way." If not Proust, then some of the books on the Supreme Court which he intended to read during the winter but never found time for. Or the big, fat books, the outsize novels, the definitive biographies, the collected poems—hesitating between two books for his suitcase, the man who is starting for the seashore is likely to pick the heavier one. . . . In which part of the inn does a publisher spend his time when he gets away for a weekend?

Two Music Critics

With the death of W. J. Henderson, for many years musical critic of the *New York Sun*, there passes from the scene the last of that group of writers which in its heyday included James Gibbons Huneker, Henry E. Krehbiel, Henry T. Finck, Philip Hale, and Richard Aldrich, whose own death anticipated Mr. Henderson's by only a week. Elder statesmen these, who were young when Wagner and Brahms were still producing and who were called on before they died to appraise music as revolutionary to a later world as was that of the composer of "Tristan and Isolde" to the world into which they were born. Mr. Henderson's contributions first to the *Times*, then for thirty-five years to the *Sun*, were enlivened by a culture which was broader than his own particular field, by an unquenchable curiosity, and by an enthusiasm that responded to the good whether it came in familiar or novel form. Mr. Aldrich, who became music critic of the *Times* in the same year, 1902, when Mr. Henderson joined the *Sun*, retired several years ago after a career distinguished by brilliance and erudition. Both men, in addition to their journalism, were the authors of notable books. Music criticism will long be poorer for their loss.

A. L.

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Letters to the Editor: *Readers' Reports on "The Outward Room"*

Creation

SIR:—Something individual has been created, and it is interesting to note just what the reviewers are doing about it.

"The Outward Room" is the most haunting bit that has been presented in some time; so simple it is alive; so tense it is exhausting; so cleverly told it stands alone; so gripping the reader can never throw off any part of it.

Another rare individualistic book that the standardized type of material-minded reviewer will never be able to kill—not in the soul effect of the lay reader, at least.—The soul of the story will forever "heckle" at the memory, and here and there a crumb will irritate at any crucial moment—the work has become each one's life germ. This is, in truth, a creation.

ETTA M. JOHNSON.

Lakewood, N. J.

Wild Goose Chase

SIR:—The critics, I feel, took me on a two-hour wild-goose chase. Millen Brand's book is awkwardly written and shows all the signs of a first novel. It's not the work of a natural born story teller . . . an amateur got hold of a novel theme and didn't know what to do with it. "The Outward Room" didn't move a hair on my head. Nice people in a book that just didn't come off.

GERALD S. HESS.

New York City.

In the Eye

SIR:—Wherever I see the new books on display, "The Outward Room" hits me in the eye.

The average reader, not understanding the abnormal mind, would fail to be stirred by this well-analyzed mental case in the story.

It is not a great love story; it is a highly improbable one.

The high praise given to it by the critics should be transferred to that beautiful gem "They Came Like Swallows."

CLARA J. INCE.

Jersey City, N. J.

Human Element

SIR:—In answer to your query about "The Outward Room"—I feel the book is not a great novel but a very interesting and original story. The style to me is often abrupt and rough and the early chapters involved in Freudian obscurities.

However, there is in it a strong human element of suspense and restrained passion. One wants to see her win the battle, and the picture of the daily struggle to become part of the world of sane men and women is moving indeed.

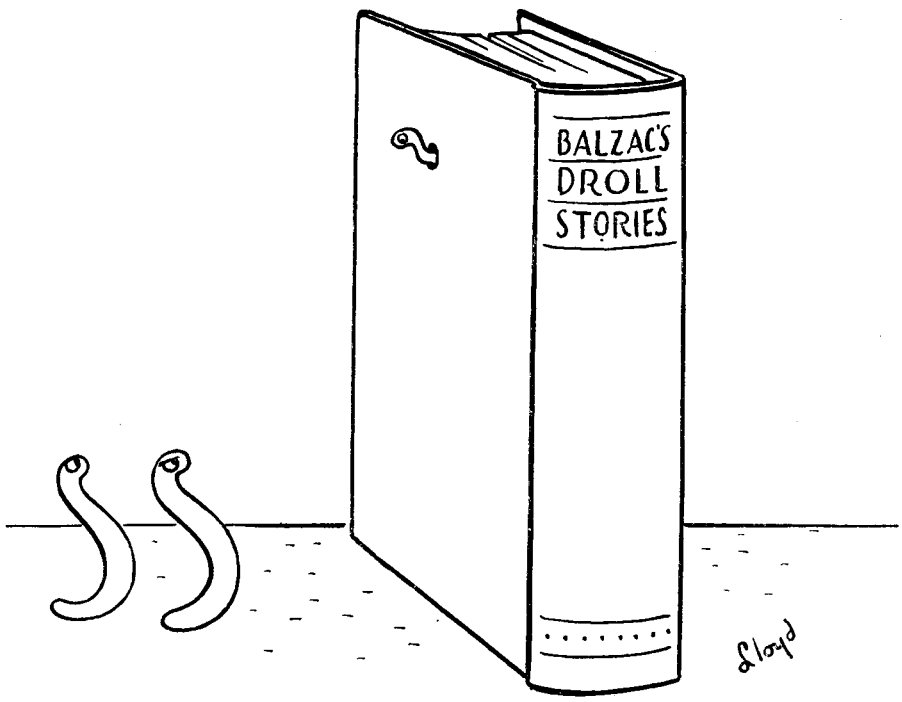
It is a pity it is now so overpraised.

FLORENCE E. STRYKER.

Montclair, N. J.

Reading on the San Francisco Ferry

SIR:—For thirty years I have been interested in what Western commuters read. Three decades ago old ladies opened their reticules and took out copies of "Lucile" and the Poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary.



"COME OUT OF THERE AT ONCE! YOU'RE MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR THAT SORT OF BOOK!"

The earnest girls in blue serge went in for "culture" books—Hammerton's "Intellectual Life," Channing's and James Freeman Clarke's books on "Self Culture," Wagner's "The Simple Life," and the tepid-tea "Essays" of Hamilton Wright Mabie. Today they are the old ladies (but they no longer carry reticules) and they read the books of Radclyffe Hall and "God's Little Acre."

The earnest girl of today goes in for the "uplift" books—Dorothea Brande, Pitkin, Overstreet, and Dale Carnegie. How I would like to know what she will be reading thirty years hence. The less serious pre-war girl swathed her copy of Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks" in layers of tissue paper while the youthful sophisticate of today removes the dust wrapper from her copy of Pierre Louys's "Aphrodite." There was the wistful young thing who read "Lavender and Old Lace" and all of Florence Barclay and deplored the taste of the girl who sat beside her reading "East Lynne" and "Lady Audley's Secret"; yet Edward Newton places the last two in his list of one hundred good novels and collectors are foraging in the bins of old book stores for them while the books of Myrtle Reed and Florence Barclay remain unsought.

Men commuters who read books are in the minority; however, we remember that O. Henry and George Ade were popular. Perhaps men at that time preferred to do their serious reading at home. Today a man opens his brief case on the train or ferry boat and takes out a copy of "Man the Unknown" or a book by Claude Bowers. Draw what conclusion you will.

Thank heaven, there can never be any measuring stick for the reading public. Only last week on the ferry boat I saw a man wearing jeans and carrying a lunch box absorbed in Pater's "Renaissance." On the same boat a pompous, well-dressed man was chuckling over "What Every Woman Knows." A tired woman surrounded by shopping bags seemed to be getting a lot of inspiration out of a small book. I scuttled by, expecting to see Edgar Guest's Poems but it was one of the "Causeries de Lundi." An old man with a mischievous eye was not reading Tiffany Thayer but J. W. N. Sullivan's "But for the Grace of God."

JANE VOILES.

Oakland, Cal.

Translation from the Javanese

I complimented the new editor
on his announcement of support for real
poetry,
and he replied in high words.

Now I read in his paper
Auden on Spain
and a lot of similar things.

By the beard of Baal and the high hat
of Barnum
I swear
that I am shadowed by a fear:
that I don't understand editors.

CROCUS PRÆCOX.

Rupert Brooke

SIR:—I am engaged in the preparation of a biography of the English war poet, Rupert Brooke. It has occurred to me that possibly some of your readers might have met Brooke when he passed through this country and Canada in 1913 on his way to the South Seas. I should be very grateful for information any of them might be able to give me on this subject.

MARY LOUISE HOSMER.

616 Evergreen Ave.
Charlottesville, Va.

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Tease Travelogue

THE ROAD: IN SEARCH OF AMERICA. By Nathan Asch. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1937. $2.75.

Reviewed by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

LIKE a number of other people, Nathan Asch heard a lot of talk three years ago around New York about when the revolution, or the fascist dictatorship, or whatever, was coming. But among the talkers he met very few who had been west of Manhattan Transfer, north of Yonkers, or east of South Norwalk. It disgusted him to hear intelligent, or at least intellectual, persons disposing of the future of America without trying to find out the who, what, why, when, and where of the Americans who were going to make that future. So Mr. Asch bought a couple of yards of bus ticket and set out for Richmond, Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis, Texarkana, Denver, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Tacoma, Butte, Duluth, Chicago, Detroit, and home. He didn't go by train, because in a train you "become a special, strained person, thinking only special, formal thoughts." He didn't buy a second-hand Chevvie for his tour, because "riding in a car is as if you own a home were moving." In a bus things are different: you recapture some of the intimacy of eighteenth century travel, when travelers really made friends with their companions, really savored the country they were passing through.

Mr. Asch saw a lot, felt a lot, heard a lot. In Charleston they say "nigra," not "nigger." In Atlanta people walked with a New York pace. In Birmingham a young engineer got pretty lyrical about iron, coal, limestone, and steel. In Arkansas the tenant farmers were joining a union and the landowners were getting vicious about it. In Oklahoma and the Texas Panhandle the dust storms were ruining the farmers. In Colorado the Mexicans were being squeezed by the owners of sugar beet land. In Seattle and Tacoma the lumberjacks were cursing the bosses. In Butte the copper miners lived in their own particular hell.

Mr. Asch does his best to make something solid out of a kaleidoscope picture. He has a happy knack of hitting off people, places, and institutions in a few pungent phrases. But good will and good phrases aren't enough; you can't discover America—huge, weltering America—by tracking across its surface in a bus in four or five months. The Lynds' method is better: if you know one town thoroughly you at least know one town. And the chances are that you can pass your information along to others. But if you knock around all over the place you come out with a feeling for different regions that serves yourself far better than it can serve your readers. Mr. Asch's trip has undoubtedly helped Mr. Asch to understand the day-by-day AP reports in the New York newspapers; but it hasn't resulted in a very meaty book. Moreover, Mr. Asch's report has already dated with the coming of the Roosevelt boom, the CIO, and other things.

In the final analysis "The Road" is tease literature. It makes you want to follow Mr. Asch's itinerary for yourself. Mr. Asch does not need to apologize for writing a tease travelogue. But he shouldn't be self-righteous about his method of traveling. On his trip Mr. Asch crossed James Rorty's trail. Mr. Rorty did not travel by bus; he used his own car. And he didn't ask questions solely about people; he also asked questions bearing on certain theories about the decay of laissez faire capitalism and the emergence of a semi-collective order. Mr. Asch concluded that Mr. Rorty was interested, not in America, but in Mr. Rorty; hence he damned Mr. Rorty's travel book, "Where Life is Better." But Mr. Asch has not proved that his own methods of travel and interrogation are better than Mr. Rorty's. After all, if you have a couple of hypotheses, it is your right to check these against reality. As a matter of fact Mr. Asch had his own hypotheses when he started out. And he found in good part what he was looking for.

Speech to the Scholars*

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

O SCHOLARS schooled upon the books:
O skillful readers of the page:
Rise from your labor now! Enlist
For warfare in this fighting age!

No longer may your learning wear
The neutral truth's dispassionate peace:
There are none neutral in this war:
There are but friends: and enemies.

The warfare of the years before
Was fought beyond you in the field:
The earth it trampled was not yours:
Its losses were not yours to yield.

It never entered at your town
Or if it came came but to kill:
Not to make guns of monuments:
Not to dig trenches in your hill.

It was your bodies not your books
The generals in those battles used:
It was your bodies that were left
Corrupt distorted and abused.

It was your bodies not your minds:
Not learning: not the sacred text
Each man inherits from the last:
Each leaves behind him to the next:

Not learning that succeeding times
Leave in the leather on the shelves—
All they have counted of the stars:
All they have measured of themselves.

Not books: not letters where the past
Speaks to us truly and can tell:
The one great charter which to change
Changes the destiny as well.

Even the Vandals with their knives
Made wreck: not lies: of what they found.
Even the Tartars where they burned
Burned honest ashes on the ground.

The springs were poisoned: not the hearts:
The tongues lied but the truth was spoken:
There were no barbarous tribes that choked
The books up when the wells were broken.

You owed no service in those wars:
You had no duty but survive—
But live and while you lived rehearse
The truth and keep its trust alive.

You could be neutral then!—But now—
Now that the tyrants take your town:
Now that the flank of hope is turned
By marching through your fields and down:

Now that the mounted men have used
Your college cloisters for surprise
And struck where we could least defend
Clothed in your color for disguise:

Now that your bridges to the past
Are broad to let the conqueror come:
Now that your manuscripts are stretched
To make the drumhead to his drum:

Now that your learning is abused:
Now that the fighting's at your door:—
Now are you peaceful in your house?
Now are you neutral in this war?

There is no quarter of your ground
Has not been poisoned for our harm:
You have no knowledge but is used
Against us as a killing arm.

The bought historian rebuilds
The past to make the present true
And robs the dead man of his deeds
To heap the living with his due:

The churchman with the sign of God
Sealed on his conscience still will lie
To justify the tyrants' guns
And slander children as they die:

The word: the very word: the word
Left by our fathers in your trust:
The word is rotten with this war:
The word is filthy with this rust.

I say the guns are in your house:
I say there is no room for flight:
Arise O scholars from your peace!
Arise! Enlist! Take arms and fight!

* This poem was read at the meeting of the Columbia Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa last week.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Ampersands

A LOT of old friends of this Green have been writing books lately. Howard Swiggett has tickled us to the core by publishing (Little Brown) an admirable detective story, *The Corpse in the Derby Hat*, which is witty, original, and well bred. Even in a mystery tale Mr. Swiggett cannot conceal traces of his wide reading, and better literature is casually mentioned in this yarn than in any other detective fiction except perhaps that of Miss Dorothy Sayers. &&& Matthew Page Andrews, who was our history teacher when we were a schoolboy in Baltimore, has written a lusty tome (Doubleday, Doran) called *Virginia: The Old Dominion*, a full-bodied history of that romantic commonwealth based in large part on little-known sources. Mr. Andrews admirably instilled into his pupils a kind of skepticism about the too-familiar parrotry of conventional historians; but what made even more impression on us as a child of fifteen, he was a dazzling baseball pitcher. (If we remember, he pitched for Washington and Lee in his college days.) We still remember a certain ball he could throw, which had a devil of an upward hop as it crossed the plate, and sank into the catcher's mitt with that particular chunking thud that no striker-out ever forgets. &&& Our old colleague of Philadelphia *Ledger* days, Dr. George W. Douglas, has brought out (H. W. Wilson Company) a work of reference which he has long been compiling, *The American Book of Days*, an explanatory calendar of important American anniversaries, historic events, holidays, festivals and gaudies of all kinds. Dr. Douglas remarks in his preface that this job gave him "many delightful experiences in serendipity"—which word, he reminds us, Horace Walpole coined, to express the pleasure of finding things we were not looking for. &&& Speaking of that, the Yale University Press has announced a tempting edition of Horace Walpole's Correspondence, edited by Wilmarth S. Lewis. This encyclopaedic series of volumes will continue at intervals until about 1950; the first two are planned for publication next October 5, which will be, says the Y. U. P., the Furlong Anniversary (220 years) of Walpole's birth. That is a new term to us. &&& Scholars and collectors are particularly asked to communicate with the Yale Press if they happen to know of any unpublished Walpole material.

&&& From Cleon Throckmorton's latest supplement to his *Catalog of the Theatre* (102 West 3rd St., N. Y. C.)—invaluable for all summertime amateur producers—we learn that Turkey too has a Federal Theatre. The city of Istanbul ordered stage equipment some time ago from Throckmorton's workshop, and has lately put on a remarkable production of *Macbeth*. This has been Shakespeare year everywhere—except for the booksellers plugging the de luxe Rockwell Kent edition? &&& Whenever we read Throck's list of Offstage Sound Effects (produced by records) we always want to go right back into show business. For instance: Airplane effect, Barnyard Confusion of Miscellaneous Sounds; Cats Fighting and Howling; Coyotes and Wolves; Excited Dogs Barking and Whining with Collie Predominant (the Terhune influence?); African Pigmy Elephant Continuous Trumpeting; Lions and Hyenas Continuous; Old Idaho Wolf Answering Mate; Model T Ford Cranking, Start Motor, Slam Door, Start and Recede (what memories!); Canary Birds, Continuous, Several Thousand; Turkeys, Tom Gobbling; Owls, Angry Close Up; Ferries; Fog Horns (recorded at Ludington Harbor, Michigan); Harbor Noises, Steamer Sailing; Automobile Crashes, With or Without Scream. . . . &&& It would be amusing to put these all on the phonograph some warm evening, when the neighbors' windows are wide, and see what happens. Very likely it would reduce tax assessments.

HORACE WALPOLE
From the portrait by Reynolds.

&&& From the catalogue of the Gilbert and Sullivan exhibit now being held at Wesleyan University Library (until June 20) we learn that the baptismal name of Richard D'Oyly Carte was Richard Doyle McCarthy. This is mentioned by Mr. Carroll A. Wilson in his most interesting note on his Gilbert and Sullivan collection. &&& We once suggested that a Day to Celebrate would be May 16, for on that date (1763) James Boswell first met Dr. Johnson. We are inclined to add another, March 29. On that day (1869), Isaac Goldberg says, Gilbert and Sullivan were introduced to each other, by the English composer Frederic Clay.

&&& Our old friend James Shields, of Philadelphia, recently gave (at the Roerich Center in that city) his celebrated lecture on *Poets Who Were Not*—viz. the bards of unintentional humor such as Bloodgood Cutter, Julia Moore, J. Gordon Coogler, Idella Hoobler et hoc genus omne. We've been wanting to tell Mr. Shields that a correspondent in Los Angeles, Mr. Edgar Bissantz, some time ago delighted us by specimens from the work of another unconscious classic. This was Mrs. Jessie Cole of Denver, whose *Poems* were published in 1885. She was known, Mr. Bissantz says, as the Sweet Singer of the Rockies. Of the pieces I've seen my favorite is

Life of President Garfield

November 19, 1831, near Cleveland, Ohio,
  At Orange he was born,
At what time o'clock I don't know
  Or whether night or morn.
1847, a boy of sixteen, wanting to help his
    mother,
  And feeling that he should;
He contracted to cut for twenty-five dollars,
  One hundred cords of wood.

And finally as the days passed on,
  This lad so industrious, clever,
Was called to lie in bed five months
  With malarial fever.

Then went to Geauga Academy with $17,
  And carpenter work was done
Nights and mornings to pay his way.
  He the admiration of all won.

1857, president of Hiram College, Ohio,
  And for his manly carriage
Was admired of all. And to Lucretia
    Rudolph
  Was united in marriage.

Elected to the Ohio State Senate, 1860,
  Colonel of 42d Ohio Infantry, '61.
With 1,100 men defeats 5,000 confederates
    and
  Frees Kentucky from invasion.

Then to Congress, Jan. '80 succeeded
    Thurman
  As United States Senator.
In June, was nominated by the Republican party
  Our United States President for.

&&& Peter Greig, our own Gastronomer Royal, sends out a Wine and Food Newsletter now and then, and though we are

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trying to diet we always enjoy hearing about his trenchering. Mr. Greig says he had his Coronation Dinner aboard S. S. *Manhattan* at sea, and reports that it was beautifully prepared but badly planned. "You see," says Peter, "on top of a Cream Soup we were given a nice piece of Sole, entirely covered with Cream Sauce, and then later on, Vanilla Ice Cream. Such a surfeit of cream! A Consomme to start with and a Water Ice to finish would have made a much better meal. Good cooking is wasted if good balance and careful selection of the menu is forgotten."

The Minnesota Muse

(*Continued from page* 4)

Madame Paul Morane, she has collaborated with her husband upon many kinds of writing, including one novel written in French. Their pen name is Phelps-Morane. This is perhaps the most dramatic exercise in adaptability in which Minnesota's writing world has indulged.

You would not expect so variable a state Muse to have a political creed and Minnesota has none. Instead there are writers to champion, staunchly and untiringly, every shade of opinion. Marking the boundaries of political thought, from left to right, are Meridel Le Sueur and Margaret Culkin Banning. Mrs. Banning, a resident of Duluth, often uses the background of a small, prosperous city, very like her own, to dramatize her belief that, in the social world, things are all very well as they are. Miss Le Sueur uses the labor troubles of Minneapolis as a point of departure for the assertion, in rhapsodic prose, that everything must be changed as quickly as possible.

The social philosophy of each of these writers is serious and conscientious. Each wishes to generalize upon the theme of human destiny. The fact that their dissimilar temperaments lead them in opposite directions is not proof that Minnesota cannot make up its mind, but rather that it insists upon getting every point of view represented. In the best work of Miss Le Sueur, such as the story called "Annunciation," the social comment is implied rather than stated openly. But it is inescapably there, adding interest to the story-telling, just as Mrs. Banning's preoccupation with the political significance of crises in contemporary life has given a new solidity to her fiction.

If the question were put: "What has life been like in Minnesota from the pioneering days until now?", there would be a chorus of answers—shrill, quizzical, hysterical, solemn, no one agreeing with another. Martha Ostenso ("The Mad Carews") has taken a disconsolate view of the failure of pioneer hopes. William McNally ("The House of Vanished Splendor") has pointed out that our soil seems appallingly to have quickened the process of decay, so that a family of rugged pioneers may deteriorate by the third generation into a group of conscientious drunkards and anemic spinsters. Darragh Aldrich ("Earth Never Tires") offers dissenting evidence that pioneering blood still surges in the veins of contemporary citizens. Maud and Delos Lovelace ("Gentlemen from England") concentrate on the charm of former days, discovering in old records a striking variety of lively incidents. Lorna Beers ("A Humble Lear") undertakes to reconcile the failures with a reasonably optimistic view. She admits the worst about life on our soil but persists in the faith that any man of normal courage would wish to live his life again, exactly as it had been.

A few members of the Minnesota writing fraternity stubbornly reject classification. Dagmar Doneghy ("The Border") writes not of the local scene but of her native Missouri. Her talent is a striking one which the Minnesota tradition would be glad to claim. Brenda Ueland's contributions to the magazines reflect her vivid individuality. Glanville Smith is the only man on the American horizon who seems capable of breathing life into the informal essay. He does not intend to let it die of undernourishment. He sprang to recognition with an essay about the Minnesota north woods where the Finns picturesquely maintain the native customs and he has been popping up ever since with discussions of life in Hawaii and the Caribbean. He has much of Flandrau's cosmopolitan variety and adaptability.

The Minnesota tradition is enriched by the memory of three men, now dead, whose work has had a large influence on contemporary writers. The poetry of Arthur Upson, the criticism of Oscar Firkins, and the novels of O. E. Rölvaag are certain not to be edged soon off the shelf devoted to American works of permanent value. Arthur Upson's memory is the kind that inspires pilgrimages. Visiting poets often ask to be shown the shrines perpetuating the memory of his short life. The architectural neatness of Oscar Firkins's prose housed some of the most effective criticism ever written in this country. The largeness of Rölvaag's spirit as revealed in "Giants in the Earth" is an enduring monument to the Scandinavian-American tradition which he celebrated.

By vaingloriously naming Nobel prize-winners and authors of "modern American classics," I have tried to justify my belief that there is a high degree of competence among Minnesota writers. If that is true, I think a partial explanation may be found in the fact that the University of Minnesota has maintained an exacting critical standard. Blatant disregard for the common decencies of written matter can flourish happily only in an atmosphere of indulgent good-will, "where seldom is heard a discouraging word." It is perilously easy to be silly with words and, to keep people from being silly, there should be in every community a group of men who get on with the business of judiciously rapping knuckles.

The University of Minnesota has such a group. Because he has dealt most directly with the problems of writing today, Joseph Warren Beach is the most influential among them. In "The Outlook for American Prose" he touched off the pretensions, softnesses, and sentimentalities which have threatened to undermine the vigor of style. In "The Twentieth Century Novel," he linked the present-day movement in America to the history of the novel's growth, and paid to a number of native talents the rare compliment of serious and extended analysis from a scholar's point of view.

Less directly concerned with the problems of writing are men like E. E. Stoll, whom England recognizes as the most important of living Shakespearean scholars, and Martin Ruud, who is a leading scholar in the medieval field. Each offers an example of fastidiousness and scrupulousness which the potential writers who pass through their hands as students admire with a kind of chastened zeal. And that, too, I think, has some subtle association with the evolution of standards.

There are advantages and disadvantages to every way of writing. The tradition that seems to become established in Minnesota, of maintaining a close connection with the great world of letters, has tended to make local writers ignore the dramas of purely local interest. There are many vivid stories that remain untold: the fabulous rise of the cities of the Iron Range; the decay of the logging towns; the slightly incredible development of a huge medical clinic in a community so self-consciously languid that a nearby place actually calls itself Sleepy Valley. Obviously too much can be sacrificed to the cosmopolitan attitude. A thriving literature must have roots in its own soil. Withering and eventual decay must result from transplanting a talent too often. Genius perhaps has the hardihood to flourish under any circumstances; a minor gift must protect itself by finding favorable conditions. These conditions undoubtedly include a suitability to the environment.

I once read in a promising novel by a young woman who had lately given up being essential Boston to become essential New York this comment on one of her characters: "He comes from some weird state in the middling west." I have often wondered what, if anything, she meant to convey by those words. Minnesota is certainly in what the young woman rather eccentrically called the middling west. But as for its being weird, I can't understand how such an impression could have got about. Its writers have not made it appear so. Sometimes I wish they would make it appear more weird, perhaps even as weird as life itself.

James Gray, book critic of the St. Paul Dispatch, *is the author of two novels, "Shoulder the Sky" and "Wake and Remember."*

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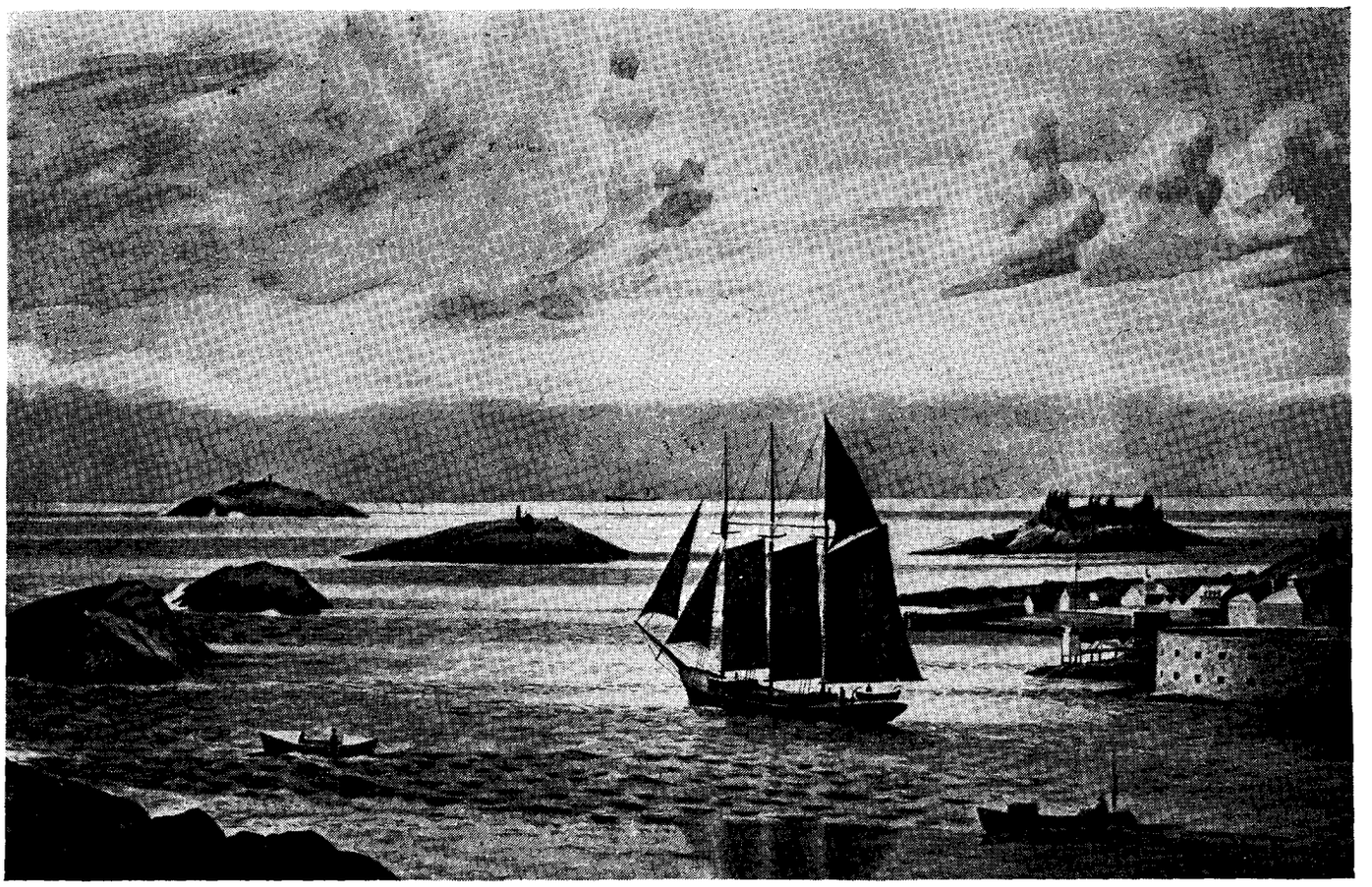

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Socialist Democracy

SPAIN IN ARMS, 1937. *By Anna Louise Strong. New York: Henry Holt & Co.* 1937. $1.

THE NEW SOVIET CONSTITUTION: A Study in Socialist Democracy. The same. $1.50.

Reviewed by VERA MICHELES DEAN

THE constitution adopted by the Extraordinary All-Union Congress of the U. S. S. R. on December 5, 1936, has aroused far-reaching controversy outside the Soviet Union. Some observers hail it as an important step toward the establishment of democracy in the "first workers' republic in the world"; others dismiss it as clever camouflage of the communist dictatorship designed to win the sympathy of Western democracies in the coming conflict with fascism. Stalin, chairman of the commission which drafted the new fundamental law, describes it as "a socialist constitution based on principles of extensive socialist democracy." Trotsky, whose anti-Stalin ardor has not been dampened by exile, denounces it as a betrayal of the Bolshevik revolution, "an immense step back from socialist to bourgeois principles."

To this fundamental controversy regarding the character and form of socialist democracy Anna Louise Strong contributes a lucid analysis of the new constitution, whose value is greatly enhanced by her excellent translation of the official text. Miss Strong is well known for her warm, if frequently uncritical, devotion to the objectives of the Soviet system, and her unflagging interest in Soviet life. She is genuinely concerned with the ills of downtrodden groups in any society, and generously welcomes all efforts in the direction of democratization and social improvement, as shown by her informal sketches of a visit paid this winter to war-torn Spain. She does not mince words about fascism, which she regards as enslavement of the working class; greets the Spanish revolution as "a mighty mass movement against fascism" which would "begin the overthrow on an international scale of those dark forces which drag humanity towards war and backward to the Middle Ages"; and bids all anti-fascist forces in democratic countries to form an international People's Front against fascist encroachments.

Not that she has much faith in the stamina of Western states. Everywhere she sees democracy either on the defensive or in full retreat. The Soviet Union alone, in her opinion, offers the promise of a new democracy based not on private property but on socially owned wealth, where "workers-owners" enjoy equal economic as well as political rights. Democracy, she contends, is expressed not merely by the casting of votes, but by a people's constant, direct, and multiform participation in all activities of the state. The ultimate goal of the Soviet system, according to Miss Strong, is to give every citizen some share in government tasks, "until by gradual diffusion of governmental functions among voluntary organizations of citizens" the state machinery, in Engels's famous phrase, will "wither away." This goal, as Miss Strong would admit, has not yet been realized in the Soviet Union, where state ownership and national planning have necessitated all-embracing government control, which in turn has fostered a ramified bureaucracy.

Miss Strong highly praises the unity of state power achieved in the U. S. S. R., where legislative, executive, and judicial powers are concentrated in the hands of the Supreme Council, as contrasted with the democratic system of checks and balances, "intentionally devised to make government inefficient." She has nothing but enthusiasm for the "socialist bill of rights" which, in her opinion, offers concrete specifications of the "right to life"—a right which can be assured only by public ownership of a country's productive wealth. Nor is she disturbed by the fact that the constitution's extensive provisions for freedom of press, assembly, and association are to be enjoyed by no political group except the Communist party, whose monopoly of political power is legalized by the constitution.

It is in her analysis of the role of the Communist party that Miss Strong evades the question whether democracy in the Western sense has been inaugurated in the Soviet Union. Nor does she demonstrate that political cleavages have been eliminated in the Soviet Union, where the government daily fulminates against the underground activities of Trotskyists and others accused of deviating from the "party line." Equally difficult to accept is her argument that political democracy in a socialist state calls for continuous correlation of special interests "into a united program which shall not be the 'either or' of the two-party system, but an honest attempt to satisfy as nearly as possible the sum total of popular demand." There is no doubt that the new constitution marks an important turning-point in Soviet policy, or that the government is striving to encourage mass participation in all activities of the state and to foster greater responsiveness of party organs to the needs of the people. At the same time, while the constitution introduces various procedures regarded as characteristic of democracy—universal, direct, and equal suffrage, the secret ballot, an elaborate bill of rights—it perpetuates a dictatorship exercised by a single political party in the name of the proletariat. The question left unanswered by the constitution—as well as by Miss Strong—is whether totalitarian socialism of the type established in the Soviet Union can function successfully without such dictatorship.

Vera Micheles Dean is on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

A Modern St. Francis

DAMIEN THE LEPER. By John Farrow. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

"WE lepers. . ." Father Damien began his sermon one Sunday in 1885, thus simply announcing to his congregation that they and he were even closer akin than "brethren." For twelve years already he had labored to save souls and bodies impartially in the lazaretto of Molokai; and he had but four more before he should succumb to the hideous plague.

Joseph de Veuster, later to be known as Father Damien or, to the natives, "Kamiano," was the devout and doughty son of Flemish peasants, a youth ordained for sacrifice as surely as Saint Francis, whom he in many ways resembled. In 1863, ten years after the first outbreak of leprosy, he landed in the Hawaiian Islands. Catholicism was still unwelcome, and had been established, indeed, only under the threat of a French warship's guns. But neither secular opposition nor inevitable horror could for long restrain young Damien from service in the leper colony once he had learned of conditions there. Filth and poverty and the vice of an aphrodisiac disease were awaiting him, and there was scant recourse to the authorities; even before he contracted leprosy he was forbidden to leave the settlement. He devoted himself to a beneficent exile, serving his fellow outcasts as doctor, priest, grave digger, and carpenter, amputating putrid limbs, solacing as best he could with piety those ghoulish minds.

Despite the hostility of the Hawaiian Board of Health and the slander of rival sects (so furiously celebrated in Stevenson's letter to Mr. Hyde) Father Damien did work among the lepers which was both heroic and practical. Mr. Meyer before him, and the lay brother Joseph Dutton later, deserve great credit, but it was Damien who first turned the eyes of the world to the world's leprous thousands. He seems, as the author of this biography describes him, to have been a man of violent temper and obstinacy, of little tact and occasionally mistaken theory; he seems ill-advised to have forced the nuns to eat what was prepared by lepers, or to let lepers smoke his pipe when he was still undiseased (Saint Francis kissed the lepers' sores), since he was thus willfully limiting the years during which he might help them. But he gained their confidence; he eased their torture; he focused their desperate lives; he died of leprosy, a true father among them, in 1889.

John Farrow's biography of Damien is the least biased and the most thorough of the many that have appeared, written with vigor, warmth, and precise visual description.

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The Second Writers' Congress

(*Continued from page 7*)

divided into sections for the discussion of the technical problems of different branches of writing. The section on fiction, of which Leane Zugsmith was chairman, was attended by some forty writers, including Ben Field, Max White, Robert Coates, Robert Cantwell, John Hermann, Bessie Breuer, Emmett Gowan, George Albee, John Hyde Preston, Myra Page, and Grace Lumpkin. Ben Field probably expressed the general opinion when he pointed out that the major problem is to write good fiction and that there is too much emphasis placed by socially-minded writers on the worker, when America is full of other kinds of people whose lives are fit material for fiction. Questions of style were also discussed.

Other craft sections were held at the same time. Horace Gregory headed the poetry section, Robert Gessner, the screen, Albert Maltz, the drama, and Granville Hicks, criticism.

At the Sunday night session, besides the election of officers to the new organization and the awards, some twenty resolutions were passed containing clauses in favor of a permanent Federal Arts project, against censorship in various forms, against numerous specific acts of injustice arising from fascism or reaction, for the defense of Spanish democracy, etc.

It is difficult to evaluate the work of the Congress as a whole and its concrete results, from the standpoint of the writers present. Some of the delegates felt that as writers and craftsmen they had derived a good deal of benefit from the meetings, from contact with other writers and their problems. But on the whole, the temper of the Congress was rather lethargic and without any great surge of vitality. One got the impression that the left-wing literary movement has, in spite of everything, become ingrown, lacking in new blood. So many of the speakers said no more than they have said a great many times recently in their books and articles. As in all meetings, the subjects dealt with had to be treated in such broad terms that they tended to appear superficial. The least that can be said is that the Congress certainly did no harm to the cause of American letters; and if any of the writers present derived encouragement from it, and a greater sense of their relationship to the world they live in, it will have been worth while. Perhaps the new organization, which will attempt to function all over the country and to establish strong regional groups, will bring new strength and enthusiasm and increased capabilities to the literature which is making a praiseworthy attempt to deal in realistic terms with the American social scene. It needs them.

Eugene Armfield is a member of the staff of The Publishers' Weekly, *and author of a novel, "Where the Weak Grow Strong."*

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Carolina Legend

MARSHAL NEY: A DUAL LIFE. By Legette Blythe. New York: Stackpole Sons. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THE Ney legend in North Carolina grows. It was first stated by the Rev. James A. Weston of Hickory, N. C., in 1895 in "Historic Doubts as to the Execution of Marshal Ney"; it was restated by Dr. J. Edward Smoot in 1929 in "Marshal Ney: Before and After Execution"; and now appears this 300-page volume by a North Carolina newspaperman, dignified by an introduction from the pen of President Frank P. Graham of the University of North Carolina. A fourth volume is promised. As Dr. Graham tells us, Richard F. Little is engaged, and will be for several years more, in deciphering the shorthand manuscripts which the Carolina schoolmaster called Peter Stuart Ney left in his trunk. But does the legend grow because the evidence increases, or simply because North Carolinians wish to believe the story?

The essential points of the legend were fully given in Mr. Weston's book. They are that Marshal Ney was not actually shot by Bourbon orders in the Luxembourg gardens on December 7, 1815; that high state and Masonic officials, including the Duke of Wellington, arranged a mock execution and an escape. He secretly fled the country accompanied by two French officers, Marshal Lefebvre and Pasqual Luciani. These officers landed at Philadelphia, but Ney went to Charleston, S. C. After disappearing for several years, he emerged as a schoolmaster at Cheraw, S. C., under the name of P. S. Ney, and later taught in western North Carolina. In his cups, in intimate moments of great emotion, and a few minutes before his death—which occurred November 15, 1846, in Rowan County—he declared that he was Marshal Ney. He left documents which he said would "startle the world." The Rev. Mr. Weston had no difficulty in producing much "evidence" from people who had heard P. S. Ney talk. Dr. Smoot's volume added just one important item. This was a statement given him in 1926 by Mrs. Victoria Arnold, daughter of Pasqual Luciani, who declared that the three officers had escaped from France together, and that Marshal Ney had died in North Carolina.

Mr. Blythe now retells all this in brisk journalistic style. His book, despite some footnoting, is without scholarly qualities. To give his story length, he devotes 240 pages to the history of Marshal Ney's life up to the excution scene in the Luxembourg Gardens, though much better accounts of the soldier already exist in English. In fact, Mr. Blythe's rhetorical phrasing, penchant for dramatic scenes, and invented conversation lead the reader to wonder if he is perusing history or fiction. The 80 pages given to Peter Stuart Ney of North Carolina are based almost wholly on Weston and Smoot. But Mr. Blythe adds his own bits of "evidence." One is a shorthand note he has discovered in P. S. Ney's copy of Cicero, which he asserts shows familiarity with the assumed name that Fouchet wrote upon a passport for Marshal Ney just after Waterloo. Another is comparison by a Federal handwriting expert between handwriting by P. S. Ney and Marshal Ney; he is convinced that the same man wrote both. Two other experts support this finding.

What is the historical value of all this? To people outside North Carolina it will seem very nearly zero. We know well how handwriting experts differ. No adequate proof is supplied that the reading of the shorthand note is correct, or even if correct, that it demonstrates what Mr. Blythe says it does. The testimony of all the Carolinians quoted by Weston and his successors proves just one thing—that there was a schoolmaster named P. S. Ney who at times claimed to be the Marshal, and in more responsible moments made no such claim. And there is too much evidence on the other side of the account. French historians have rejected Weston's "doubts." The eyewitness testimony that Marshal Ney's execution was savagely real seems overwhelming. His own family accepted his death. If he survived, how could this cooper's son of rudimentary education have learned excellent English and Latin in two or three wandering years? Ney is a name common to several countries. It seems likely that someone who bore it—perhaps a veteran of the Napoleonic Wars—played with the idea of passing himself as the Marshal, and finally deluded himself. This was apparently the belief of Judge A. D. Murphey, one of the great pioneer figures in North Carolina education, who knew the schoolmaster well. He has recorded that he was "a well-educated, intelligent Scotchman." And the State's most comprehensive historian, S. A. Ashe, says unequivocally: "The real name of this man Ney was Neyman. He was a Scotchman."

Life among the Hopis

RHYTHM FOR RAIN. By John Louw Nelson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by EDITH MIRRIELEES

LIKE many books dealing with Indian life, this one is somewhat overloaded with detail. That fault being admitted, however, all the rest is praise. For this collection of Hopi legends is much more than merely a congeries of folk tales. It is the breath-quickening record of man's struggle with his environment—an environment of which each element is represented to the Hopi mind by its own especial and jealous god.

The gods, the Katchinas, are everywhere. Kwayeshva, the child whose developing consciousness provides the thread for the story, comes to know them first as bogies, then as fun-makers, gift-givers, law-givers, dispensers of punishment. By the time he has discovered under the ceremonial masks the familiar faces of his neighbors, his childish mind, long preparing, is ready for the doctrine of transubstantiation. "Hopi man puts on mask, and when he puts on mask he is Katchina. He is no more Hopi man but real Katchina."

Thus, sometimes the god, sometimes the worshiper, the life of a Hopi is everywhere sharpened by religious belief into a dramatic intensity. The especial success of "Rhythm for Rain" is in its making this intensity real for the reader. From the ceremonies following the birth of the child, through holiday rejoicings with the gift-giving Katchinas, through dances for rain and harvest, the chapters move with steadily increasing tension toward the high ending of the story. This is the com-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE BROTHERS SACKVILLE *G. D. H. and M. Cole* (Macmillan: $2.50.)	Murder of wealthy English recluse points toward poorer of two brothers, and gives Insp. Fairford his first big chance.	Tantalizing family tangle sets head whirling; characterizations and background capital, with conclusion that startles both sleuth and reader.	A-1
THE PUZZLE OF THE BLUE BANDERILLA *Stuart Palmer* (Crime Club: $2.)	Mexican customs official poisoned, bull-fight spectator stabbed, and everybody in grave danger, until Hildegarde Withers swings into action.	Welcome return of ace feminine detective in yarn with exotic Huatescan background, considerable humor, romance and excitement no end.	*Mucho Bueno*
THE AFFAIR OF THE SYRIAN DAGGER *Charlton Andrews* (Washburn: $2.)	American gal writer, living dangerously in Paris, strangely skewered. Drexel Ware and Sûreté combine forces to track killer.	Exotic *vie de Bohème* background, a mysteriously ubiquitous English intruder, latest anti-crime gadgets, and deceptive plot.	Passable
GIRL HUNT *Laurence D. Smith* (Lippincott: $2.)	Daughter of wealthy eccentric vanishes and Earl Standish, in search for her, encounters murder and other villainies.	Reasonably exciting tour of underworld of N. Y. and Montreal, but treatment far too gentlemanly for hard-boiled surroundings.	Unconvincing

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ing of the great three-year drought, an historic landmark in Hopi life. When at last, with failure piled on failure behind them, the oldest of the surviving Hopis forces his skeleton comrades once more into dancing, when as they dance the sky clouds and "a few drops bounded in the dust—came then in a pounding stream, and—the storm marched across the sand from the coned mountains in the west," what has happened, and what the reader momentarily grants as happening, is not only the moistening of the earth but the triumph of a faith.

John Louw Nelson has lived for ten years among the Hopis. In those years he has dropped the white man's all but inevitable attitude of patronage. "Rhythm for Rain" approaches its subject seriously, contains no trace of condescension.

Edith Mirrielees is a member of the English faculty of Stanford University.

Polynesiana

LEGENDS OF HAWAII. By Padraic Colum. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1937. $2.50.

THESE tales are not legends exclusively, nor are they all Hawaiian, for Padraic Colum has blended in them the myths, folklore, and deliberate romances of many islands in Polynesia, setting them in Hawaii and building upon them with his own fantasy—a courageous work even for an author experienced in comparative folklore. The Polynesian chroniclers, perhaps less literary and more faithful to tradition than the Malayan who so greatly resembled them, seemed content to splatter episodes; they were plotless and wordy beyond tolerance. Mr. Colum has therefore simplified the ancient chronicles so that children may enjoy them, and dramatized them expertly in the Malayan manner to hold the attention of adults. He has implied that his heroes were youthful, but he has also implied the blood, torture, sensual abandon, and bitterly thwarted love which are component in the Polynesian ana.

A child should delight in the adventure of the giant Kana, so big that he had to fold himself into even a gigantic canoe, or of Moe Moe, the good sleeper; and the curious adult will find these cousin to fairy tales throughout the world. "Moe Moe" in particular is a gem of the myth-maker's (and Mr. Colum's) art, with its interior "contes" like reflections of a mirror within a mirror. "The Arrow and the Swing" is pure Hawaiian, an inspired and lilting piece, with very little of our temperate tradition in it. But elsewhere one is is on familiar ground: the youngest brother triumphs after trials of valor; the search for the lost parent is common; there are rainbows instinct with magic.

Padraic Colum's own magic has illuminated these nineteen tales, but one wishes he had told more of the customs specifically Hawaiian, of sledding in the jungle, of uncommon foods, of the nose flute, to tie the demigodly exploits in some measure to earth. Even the vagrant sun was tied to it in the old legend of Maui, and a fairy-tale-teller's flightiest magic should be no less accessible to the groundling child.

The Real Haiti

LIFE IN A HAITIAN VALLEY. By Melville J. Herskovits. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. $4.

Reviewed by HAROLD COURLANDER

IN 1910 Eugene Aubin published in Paris a trustworthy and competent book called "En Haiti." Since that time there has been hardly a single reliable account of Haiti, its life and people. Not that material on the subject has not been fairly prolific. In the last ten years a series of sensational reports have come along, any one of which might have been properly called "Back Alive From Haiti." But it looks as though the Seabrooks, the Wirkuses, and the Loederers have had their day. Mr. Herskovits's "Life in a Haitian Valley" is the first authentic account since Aubin. It is complete, covers the traditions and manners of the Haitian thoroughly, and shows an insight into the cultures of West Africa, from which Haiti is sprung.

Dr. Herskovits has already established himself as a student of Dahomey and Nigeria, and in a certain light "Life in a Haitian Valley" is an extension of his previous work in anthropology. Some of the traits and habits of the West African tribes are still much in evidence in the valley of Mirebalais, where he lived for three months as an observer. The *combite,* for example, a mutual-labor society, is descended from a similar institution in Dahomey. When a peasant needs help in preparing a field, a *combite* is arranged, and men who live near by will attend voluntarily to clear the land and plant for him. Other times he will reciprocate, and sooner or later there will be a complete round, and the fields of all of them will have been cared for. The only obligation of the man whose fields are being worked—aside from returning the labor—is to feed the *combite* well. If he fails in this he is likely to find himself forgotten next time he asks for assistance. The men sing as they work, hoeing to the accompaniment of *combite* drums, and there is usually a spirit of rivalry in which one squad attempts to outdistance another. The *combite* is a highly efficient, if loose, method of handling labor problems.

As to the subject which has come, unfortunately, to be synonymous with Haiti and things Haitian, voodoo (or better, *vodun*), Dr. Herskovits says: "Not only has the emphasis been placed on its frenzied rites and the cannibalism supposed on occasion to accompany them, but its dark mysteries of magic and 'zombies' have been so stressed that it has become customary to think of the Haitian as living in a universe of psychological terror." Actually, he points out, *vodun* is a system of ritual and a concept of nature. The dances themselves are a far cry from Seabrook's "blood-maddened, sex-maddened, god-maddened" orgies. The real *vodun,* whether dance or ceremony, is characterized more by restraint than by abandon.

But modern Haiti is not simply a child of Africa; it is the child of France also. The colony was first Spanish, then French, and the slaves absorbed a great deal of Latin culture during the early days. Although they were willing to learn new ways they were unwilling to forget the old. The result is a duality of modern life, a welding of cultures in which the European ways are clearly visible on one side and the African on the other. The best example of this duality is the attitude toward the Catholic Church. Practically all Haitians are of the Catholic faith, which does not recognize *vodun* as a legitimate practice, and yet they are strong adherents to what is called, for the sake of convenience, the "cult" of *vodun.*

While "Life in a Haitian Valley" is thorough and painstaking, as any good anthropologist's work must be, it is in this very thorough and painstaking quality that the book sometimes errs. Dr. Herskovits is careful to state that his observations apply only to the valley of Mirebalais, and yet from time to time he forgets and makes generalizations of dubious character. In criticizing Seabrook's "hermaphroditic god," Papa Nebo, or Gedenebo, he says: "As is indicated elsewhere in this volume, Gede, who does not partake of this characteristic in the least, has thus been woefully misunderstood by Seabrook." While Seabrook is not very strong in this material, he did not observe rights for Gede in Mirebalais but in the vicinity of Port-au-Prince, if, indeed, he saw them first-hand at all. But in the district between Port-au-Prince and Furcy, Gede is definitely thought of as hermaphroditic.

But "Life in a Haitian Valley" is unquestionably a much needed piece of research. It ought to mark the beginning of a new understanding of things Haitian, and an end to the deluge of sensational stories of human sacrifice and erotic blood ceremonies in a land which knows more restraint than the writers who visit there.

For hilarious diversion, read

LAUGHTER *in the* SUN

By PAMELA FRANKAU

"Like Evelyn Waugh at his wittiest and wickedest."—Towne, *American*

$2.00 *and published by* Morrow

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The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE. By E. Arnot Robertson. *Doubleday, Doran.*

THE HOUSE OF EXILE. By Nora Waln. *Little, Brown.*

ENGLISH JOURNEY. By J. B. Priestley. *Harpers.*

Italian Policies

Will you please direct me (writes M. D. H. of Fresno, Calif.), *to any late books on National Trends and Policies in Italy.*

I PRESUME that M. D. H. is not interested in the crop of books on Italian Ethiopian policy which made their appearance while the African war was in progress, so I omit all mention of them. The conquest of Abyssinia being an accomplished fact, the whys and wherefores of the attack upon it have now only a historical importance. But fascism itself, and the powerful figure which has established it, have constantly increasing significance in view of the part they are playing in the Spanish revolution and in European politics in general. In order to get perspective on Mussolini's government perhaps the most useful book to which M. D. H. can turn is Gaetano Salvemini's UNDER THE AXE OF FASCISM (Viking). This, to be sure, is not an analysis of the general workings of fascism but a study of "those institutions through which fascism claims to have solved the problems of the relations between capital and labor," and is an illuminating and penetrating exposition of the means by which Il Duce's power was consolidated and of the economic aspects of his regime. A further discussion of the economic and social aspects of the totalitarian state is to be found in Michael T. Florinsky's FASCISM AND NATIONAL SOCIALISM (Macmillan) which deals not only with Italy but with Germany as well. Perhaps the most comprehensive examination into fascist Italy is the excellent volume by Herman Finer entitled MUSSOLINI'S ITALY (Holt), which approaches its subject from all angles and is both dispassionate and critical. For a portrait of Il Duce himself M. D. H. can turn to George Seldes's SAWDUST CAESAR (Harpers), a journalist's appraisal of Mussolini, lively, caustic, and informed.

Modern Trends

Mrs. W. H. S. of Tulsa, Okla., *is chairman of a program committee which wishes to assemble material for a year's study of modern trends in education, social conditions, art, government, religion, literature, drama, and music.*

That's a big order, so big an order that any reply to it is necessarily merely a suggestion rather than an attempt at covering the ground indicated. Not so many years ago people everywhere were reading Oswald Spengler's DECLINE OF THE WEST (Knopf) and being inoculated with a profound pessimism. The book today lies rather in the background of the general consciousness than in the forefront of attention as it did then, but it might be an interesting work for Mrs. W. H. S.'s club to include in its program. It's stiff reading, but rewarding. Another volume which might be included as shedding light on the temper of the present-day world is José Ortega y Gasset's REVOLT OF THE MASSES (Norton). Neither of these books yields much to a superficial reading but if the club wants something meaty and stimulating to thought it ought to try them. In a symposium entitled TOWARD CIVILIZATION (Longmans, Green), edited by Charles A. Beard, a number of men eminent in various fields have set down their interpretations of the trend of present-day culture, while in WHITHER MANKIND? (Longmans, Green) Professor Beard himself has tried to analyze the drift of society. Joseph Wood Krutch's THE MODERN TEMPER (Harcourt, Brace), an extremely interesting discussion tinged with pessimism, and Irwin Edman's THE CONTEMPORARY AND HIS SOUL (Viking) are both books the club should read since they approach the problem of present-day life from the philosophical angle. As to religion, Bernard Iddings Bell's UNFASHIONABLE CONVICTIONS (Harpers) should prove a good springboard to discussion. With it might be read RELIGION AND THE MODERN WORLD (Stokes), by J. H. and J. J. Randall. Paul Klapper's CONTEMPORARY EDUCATION (Appleton-Century) and Everett Dean Martin's MEANING OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION (Norton) are both books which would give birth to discussion, while for a survey of contemporary sociological thought Henry Pratt Fairchild's GENERAL SOCIOLOGY (Wiley) and Frederick E. Lumley's PRINCIPLES OF SOCIOLOGY (McGraw-Hill) should serve well. A bird's-eye view of contemporary drama can be procured from Barrett H. Clark's A STUDY OF THE MODERN DRAMA (Appleton-Century), and the direction of present-day music is interestingly forecast in TOWARD A NEW MUSIC (Norton), by Carlos Chavez.

The status and trend of contemporary literature is set forth in brief in Ashley Horace Thorndike's THE OUTLOOK FOR LITERATURE (Macmillan), which might be used for the purpose of introducing discussion and followed by such books as Stuart P. Sherman's ON CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE (Smith), Edmund Wilson's AXEL'S CASTLE (Scribners), Henry Seidel Canby's DEFINITIONS (Harcourt, Brace), John Livingston Lowes's CONVENTION AND REVOLT IN POETRY (Houghton Mifflin).

The El Tovar Inscription

Several letters have arrived in response to the request of *M. D. C. of Brookline, Mass.*, printed in the issue of May 29, asking for the source of the words over the entrance of the El Tovar Hotel, Grand Canyon, which run: "Dreams of mountains as in their sleep they brood on *things eternal.*"

A similar inquiry was made in the Queries and Answers column of the *New York Times* several years ago [writes Mrs. Henry D. Holmes, of Montpelier, Vt.] and the reply to the request was as follows:

"The El Tovar inscription at Grand Canyon . . . is by Charles A. Higgins who was an official of the Santa Fe Railway. It is taken from a pamphlet, 'Titan of Chasms,' now out of print. The inscription is carved over the northern entrance, El Tovar Hotel, Grand Canyon, Arizona."

A Master Adventurer

WILL MARINER, A TRUE RECORD OF ADVENTURE. By Vice-Admiral Boyle Townshend Somerville. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by OLIVER LA FARGE

IN 1805, being then thirteen years old, Will Mariner went to sea on the English privateer *Port-au-Prince* to ravage "the backside of the Spanish Main" as Burroughs and Drake had done in greater days. He saw something of sea warfare, the sack of seaports in a pale reflection of the old buccaneering manner, and whaling, before he became a prisoner of the King of Tonga Islands.

During his five years on those islands, he became the adopted son of the king, a chief in his own right, and the close friend and adviser of the king's son and successor. Then at length he returned to London and settled down to a long life as a stockbroker and was drowned in the Thames in 1853.

Being of more than usual intelligence, he left an excellent record of his experiences. From these Admiral Somerville compiled the present narrative, he himself being intimately acquainted with the scenes of Mariner's adventures. Admiral Somerville was killed in Ireland with the work all but completed, and the book was edited by E. Œ. Somerville, evidently with great restraint, for her flashing style appears nowhere in it.

The result is an extremely readable narrative of a very old-fashioned kind. The conventional, mid-nineteenth century style is at moments irritating, and precludes a vividness of description to which we have become accustomed. Yet in a story of this kind, of far off times and places, it has a charm of its own and gives an effect of contemporaneity. The chief defect is the author's failure to get inside his main character, as modern biographers would do without allowing themselves to be deterred in any way by lack of data or even by a lack of probability.

As a companion of kings, Mariner was plunged into the active wars and politics of these South Sea islands. The result is a picture of the people not as a modern ethnologist would reconstruct them, but from the point of view of a historian acquainted with their treacheries, their braveries, and their ambitions. It is lively history, and with its preface of petty privateering makes a delightful addition to any library of seafaring and adventure.

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The New Books

Fiction

LAUGHTER IN THE SUN. By Pamela Frankau. Morrow. 1937. $2.

The antics of English vacationers on the French Riviera nearly always provide good light reading, and Miss Frankau's touch is amusing. There is only about enough plot for a short story—it involves the gift, by mistake, of a first edition to the local library; the recovery of the book by theft; the arrest of the wrong man; all of which is complicated by a horse named Bacon who eats valuable letters. The characters are mostly English novelists—there's one who had written about himself so much that he could shave in front of his books; there is also the usual assortment of comically gesticulating Frenchmen. But not enough is done with the characters; when Miss Frankau has run out of bright things to say about them, they trail vaguely off. Even the principals, Peter Scribe and his wife, though they are attractive as far as they go, haven't quite enough charm to hold the book together. It's more accurate to call "Laughter in the Sun" a novel with funny things in it than to call it a funny novel.

G. S.

NOT TONIGHT. By Parkhurst Whitney. Farrar & Rinehart. 1937. $2.

Mr. Whitney takes the reader through a week or two of fairly strenuous life in a Long Island hot spot, a Victorian mansion converted into a roadhouse. There is a mysterious young man who drops in by rowboat for a drink and stays for the duration of the story, a Grand Opening which ends with some disgruntled customers cutting the tires of the assembled merrymakers, a serio-comic stunt involving an auto endurance driver, and appropriate erotic passages for the proprietress, the ex-bootlegger barkeep, and assorted guests. It is all determinedly hardboiled and bathed in equally hard liquor, yet at several points in the arbitrarily plotted action the author seems to stave off sentimentality with extreme difficulty. Mr. Whitney can write clear-cut and entertaining prose; certain individual scenes are excellent, but his talent does not as yet seem capable of sustaining a prolonged narrative. The book as a whole fails to get anywhere in particular, and reads as if the author had welded together five or six short pieces originally destined for a well known magazine with a name (but not contents) recalling the days of chivalry.

T. P., Jr.

THE BRIDAL CANOPY. By S. J. Agnon. Translated by I. M. Lask. Doubleday, Doran. 1937. $3.

It is easy to recognize, in this first translated book by S. J. Agnon, a literary power of considerable scope. If this novel is any fair sample, Agnon has set himself the task of literary antiquarian. He means to fill in for us a great and almost wholly unexplored section of Jewish life, specifically, Eastern Europe in the eighteenth century. For this purpose he has expanded the novel to perform the functions of social history, philosophic discourse, folk-lore, and the picaresque tale. Only a first-rate craftsman could take hold of so loose a structure, crammed as it is with every kind of literary diversion, asides, interpolated tales, poems, pieties, adventures, and make a firm, significant unity of it, as Agnon does.

The story is simply stated. Reb Yudel, a Hebrew scholar of eighteenth century Poland, sets out upon a journey to find bridegrooms for his three daughters. His companion is a lusty waggoner, a gifted teller of tales who is stimulated to reminiscence by every breath of wind that crosses their path. Together they form such a pair as Cervantes wrote of, and they are destined for adventures. These befall them one after the other, and the manner of their progress is recounted in rich and fanciful style, embroidered with legend, quip, song, proverb, and every device to call forth the spirit of that Jewish life. It was a spirit freely blended of the sacred and the profane, and both appear side by side, snatches of the Talmud and the Torah adding their smooth, pious texture to the vulgar folk tales. The book is altogether rewarding, for its vigor and its narrative charm as well as for its fresh and recreative use of Hebrew tradition.

N. L. R.

HUMMING-BIRD. By Eleanor Farjeon. Stokes. 1937. $2.50.

Two stories, one Victorian, the other laid at Versailles in the age of Louis XIV, are intertwined in somewhat complicated fashion in Miss Farjeon's charming but brittle new book. A child with a gift for plunging back into the lives of her ancestors furnishes a link between the two worlds so painstakingly recreated by the author. Little Lisette dreaming over the bric-à-brac in her aunt's shop finds herself living through some of the experiences of her beautiful French Great-Great-Aunt, who had been a favorite of the Sun King. A fan painted by Watteau and a marvelous mechanical humming-bird recall the intrigues of the court under Mme. de Maintenon. Meanwhile another pretty romance involving a ballet dancer, a young Lord, and a wealthy Jewish gentleman, is being played out in Lisette's more immediate vicinity. The narrative scheme is perhaps unnecessarily elaborate, with its flash-backs to Versailles whenever the humming-bird sings.

Miss Farjeon's talents are so evident, however, in all that she writes, and her sense of period so highly developed that most readers will be willing to forgive her for not providing a better plot. Barring this deficiency, her book is an adroit piece of work in a difficult genre. The somewhat stuffy personages of the court are treated with a light touch, and pleasant contrasts are provided by introducing Watteau's friends, the Italian comedians—the Columbine, Mezzetino, and Gilles of his best known paintings. It is not too much to say that at her best Miss Farjeon attains in her prose something of the elegance and subtlety of Watteau's pigment, and while the whole book is deliberately unreal, it is also imaginatively successful since it gives us the true flavor of the two periods it treats. Any reader free of prejudice against preciosity in literature should be pleased by this ingratiating mixture of picturesque ingredients, which if not likely to be counted as one of its author's best books, is nevertheless distinctly to her credit.

T. P., Jr.

International

THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS IN 1936. By Whitney H. Shepardson and William O. Scroggs. Harpers. 1937. $3.

THE UNITED STATES AMONG THE NATIONS. Seven lectures arranged by the University of California Committee on International Relations. University of California Press. 1937. $1.50.

IS AMERICA AFRAID? By Livingston Hartley. Prentice-Hall. 1937. $2.50.

The justification for such a publication as "The United States in World Affairs," is, as stated in the preface, that it covers "middle ground not occupied either by the daily newspapers or by the more conventional histories written a long time after events occur." The volume is therefore useful not merely as a survey of American foreign relations but also as a summary of international events from the conclusion of the Ethiopian fighting and the "Liquidation of Locarno" to the Pan-American gathering at Buenos Aires. Neutrality, rearmament, control of munitions, "ferment in the Far East," and the exchange problem are among the many topics encountered en route through this handy compendium. Students of international affairs will find the bibliography and the appendices which contain significant documents and figures perhaps the most useful section of the book.

Unlike the foregoing, which is purely descriptive, "The United States Among the Nations" and "Is America Afraid?" contain theses concerning the future policy of this country. The first of these two, written by seven experts at the University of California, reviews with considerable interesting and historical detail various aspects of our foreign relations including Pan-America, the Far East, Europe, and our place in world trade, and suggests, among other things, that both

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 167)

GOETHE—
"THE NATURAL DAUGHTER."

The dregs are stirred, they rise, the topmost sink
As though all wish were pervert and could find . . .
No joy but in the levelling of all,
Sweeping us, lost, unmasked, in one confusion
Down ruinous torrents into the vast of ocean.

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political and economic isolation are impossible. Herein is no rousing call to action, but rather, a series of reminders that positive and more coöperative policies must soon be determined upon.

In his "Is America Afraid?" Mr. Hartley believes with fervor and conviction that we should join now the other democracies (the U. S. S. R. being included in that category) in preventing the expansion of "international autocracy." He paints a lurid picture of a victorious Germany and a dominant Japan eventually stretching forth their tentacles to crush American democracy. Is it not therefore to our interest, he asks, to act now to thwart such a dire state of affairs? Though Mr. Hartley may be accused, with considerable justification, of over-simplication, of too great confidence in the strength of the German war machine, and of conjuring up fantastic bogeymen, his book merits sober attention. His argument, which is well sustained and which does not evade counter objections, cannot be dismissed with a sneer and a scoff; it presents a real challenge to his opponents of the neutrality school and offers a constructive program so rare in these days of muddle and drift.

P. S. W., Jr.

Miscellaneous

THE CASTLE OF CONTENTMENT. By Jaegermester Plov. Willett, Clark. 1937. $2.

It is really remarkable how any book which follows the seasons' cycle in a garden resembles every other as closely as one rose resembles its sister. To be sure, both species admit of variety, but there is never any doubt as to the genus. From Charles Dudley Warner through Beverly Nichols to Donald Culross Peattie, such essays or papers or letters or journals or almanacs are all vessels of homespun philosophy, of sentiment whimsical or pensive, of affectionate observation of the small details of natural phenomena and sanguine affirmation of a general scheme of life and death. "The Castle of Contentment" blooms with the engaging freshness of a new arrival in the company of the best of these charming perennials.

Gunnar Nislev, whose pen name is Jaegermester Plov, is a farmer in Denmark—that kingdom where a good farmer is also a good business man, a good citizen, and frequently an excellent scholar. These sketches—a more or less chronological record of a year in his own life, of his wife and children, their guests, servants, and animals on a big Jutland farm—appeared first in Copenhagen's largest newspaper, and then as part of the radio program of the "Almanac Denmark." They immediately won thousands of daily readers and listeners, so that their author found himself a recipient of fan mail comparable to that of one of our popular columnists.

The text of "The Castle of Contentment" has been smoothly translated by Astrid Rosing Sawyer and Llewelyn Jones, but the feeling and intention of the book need no interpretation. This fragrant, healthy rose might have bloomed on a farmstead on Vermont quite as well as in Jutland—and did ever a springtime have a rose too many?

A. R.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

I AM two years old and a good mouser. Color, gray. Manners, above reproach. Morals, weak. As my family is going abroad, I desire a good home for myself and two children, aged three weeks. No one objecting to occasional batches of kittens should apply. BOOTS.

DUTCH COTTAGE, only $150; long season. On hill near Copake Lake; for two or three. Share use of riding horse. Chel. 3-5665.

FOR SALE: 19 bound volumes of Harpers magazines from the first year of publication. Address offering terms, H. H. M., care of Saturday Review.

ANTIQUES—Harriet Youngs, Stony Brook, L. I. Telephone 263. Opposite Methodist Church, turn down Terrell Lane and follow the arrows.

FOR SALE—Castine, Maine, cottage, four master's bedrooms, three baths; chauffeur's room; two servants' rooms and bath; large glassed-in sunporch; double garage; house completely furnished, linens, blankets, Beauty-rest beds, large radio, china, library, every thing in good order; about two acres beautiful trees and shrubbery, show garden; 19-foot sailing sloop perfect, cost $1,000. Place intrinsically worth $20,000; will sacrifice for $7,000, quick sale. Charles Drayton, 2425 Kalorama Road, Washington, D. C.

VACATION PARADISE; Reasonable rooms, light housekeeping privileges, "Switzerland of America," hay fever immunity, Haskell Homestead, Bethlehem, New Hampshire. Opens July first.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES, Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 2300. An old-time country inn. One hour from N. Y. Booklet R on request.

ITALY'S ADMIRERS. Express your kindly feelings in the special Italy's issue of "Columbus Magazine," 126 Fifth Avenue.

AN OLD NEW ENGLAND farmhouse offers you a summer in the country on the open ocean. Lobster, new peas, blueberry pie; a wood fire; no radio. Rates $20 a week. The Breakers, Vinalhaven, Maine.

VACATION as paying guests of Nouveaux Pauvres in comfortable century-old farm house completely modernized on island in beautiful Casco Bay. Private beaches, fishing, walking, croquet, tennis, and boating, golf accessible. Home grown vegetables, milk, eggs. Write: Sea Meadows, Cousins Island, Maine.

HOUSEKEEPING COTTAGES secluded in high wooded areas near Lake Waramaug, $125 and up. Clientele restricted. Eagle Rest Inn, New Preston, Conn.

SUMMER at Pemaquid Point, between a quiet bay for swimming and Maine's highest seacliffs for surf. Spruce woods, blueberry meadows, quiet. Lobsters, chowder, wood fires, electricity. Very reasonable. Bradley Inn, Pemaquid Point, Maine.

SILVER BIRCHES, Canton, Maine. For professional women. Lake, cabins. $15 weekly. Booklet.

GRAND MANAN ISLAND, a perfect spot for restful vacation surrounded by sea and woods—Green vegetables—open fires. Reasonable rates. Address Whale Cove Cottage, Grand Manan Island, N. B., Canada.

TRURO, CAPE COD. Ready occupancy July 1st. New, furnished Cape Cod house. Ocean view. Three minutes walk to beach; near tennis, sailing and golf. Living room, two double bed rooms, bath room, kitchen, two porches, electric light and refrigeration, one-car garage. $375 for season. Apply to F. A. W., 190 Bay State Road, Boston, Mass.

IN BEAUTIFUL, southern Vermont; Farms suitable for summer homes, to rent and for sale. Benjamin Robinson, Pawlet, Vermont.

PERSONALS

I SPEAK FOR LEILANI, newly come from her bright Hawaiian isles. Sensitive, definite, reticent, and darkly good to look upon, she seeks and needs here a position which will enrich her questing mind. Though young, she is well trained and experienced secretarially. May someone wise of heart search her out! Box 76-C.

TWILIGHT PARK, Haines Falls, New York. Cottage for rent or sale at reasonable rates. 9 rooms, 2 baths, large verandas, firesplaces. Mountain home of literary people. 2,000 feet above Blue Hudson. Private Park. Inns. All amusements. State Road. Renting agent at Park. Miss Waterman, 15 East 53rd St., New York. PLaza 3-2260.

ATTRACTIVE, impecunious, 25, yearning for change, travel, after several years' illness. Open to suggestion: Camille.

CLAUSTROPHOBES and all mainlanders of literary persuasion will enjoy Manhattan Island at and from Hotel Standish Hall which is ideally placed adjacent to Central Park and overlooks the spacious grounds of the American Museum of Natural History. You can get several rooms for what you would pay for one at many a midtown caravansary, and the atmosphere is one of comfort and content. Quiet nights conducive of rest and cheerful, sunlit days distinguish its hospitality. Accommodations for short or long incumbency. Rooms by the day from $3.00. Furnished suites—parlor, bedroom, bath, and pantry or kitchenette—$6 to $7 a day. Weekly $35. Monthly $125. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery in New York. But there is a spacious dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing to Mr. John W. Heath, resident manager, for reservations. Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81st St., New York City.

THE BLUE DOOR INN, Bakerville—in Connecticut's lovely Litchfield Hills—offers a quiet, restful summer and autumn—good food, good beds, and open fires. Minimum weekly rate $20. Mabel S. Bartlett, Route One, New Hartford, Conn.

COLONIAL FARM HOUSE on a hill overlooking the Berkshires. Dutch fireplaces. Tastefully renovated, comfortable. Two double master bedrooms, two single. Brook, lake swimming, good fishing and shooting. Riding horse, station wagon, boat. Rent for season $250. Adams, 288 West 12th, New York. CHelsea 3-5665.

MERE MAN, *mature, romantic, lonesome,* would welcome correspondence. Box 68-C.

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COLLEGE MAN, speaks eight languages, has traveled extensively in Europe, would be chauffeur and traveling-manager for single person or small family, good recommendations available. Box 70-C.

WOMEN, gain confidence in public speaking—out-of-town—club work. Write Box 71-C.

HAVE SEEN *the British Isles and would like* to see more as travelling companion to someone this summer. Box 72-C.

FOR A COOL two hundred dollars writer and wife offer a cool two months in New York City, July 1-September 1, to sober, book respecting adults. Fifteen minutes from Times Square. Five windows and balcony of thirty-six foot living-room-library give front view onto Columbia University Plaza, with side glances at the Hudson and Spain. Venetian blinds throughout. Cross ventilation. Modern furniture. Two bedrooms, twin beds and double-decker. Bathroom, shower, tub. Secluded study with extra lavatory. Three built-in desks. Over two thousand readable books. New grand piano, radio, complete household equipment. Sizeable kitchen. Electrolux, vacuum, mixer, other electrical gear. References exchanged. Box 73-C.

SALVAGE A SOUL—offer University of Pennsylvania graduate ('34) an opportunity to work, preferably with a purpose. He desires anything, temporary or permanent, at home or abroad. Legal and Market Research experience. Box 74-C.

FOR SALE OR RENT: A restored Colonial cottage. No children. Lucy Nye White, M.D., Pawlet, Vermont.

WANTED—Sublet apartment near Columbia, July 9—August 21. Box 75-C.

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PERSONALS

PARODY ISSUE. The Harvard Advocate announces for its June publication a Parody Issue of the Saturday Review of Literature. Price 25c in U. S. and Canada. Harvard Advocate, 40 Bow Street, Cambridge, Mass.

YOUNG PEOPLE can now enjoy Lake Placid Lodge—rate $35 weekly includes room connecting with bath, breakfast and dinner. Excellent food in the main dining room (hotel rate $56 up). Use of BEACH HOUSE—all beach activities. Three tennis courts—all other lawn sports. Bus service free to SIX golf courses (fees 50c up), to the Olympic Arena for ice skating, carnivals, hockey games. Good fishing. Every kind of hike or climb. Fine riding (not cheap). Indoors; badminton, rhumba, deck tennis, shuffleboard, pingpong, etc. Dancing at either hotel every night; dinner dances frequently. The best movies. Night clubs, grills aplenty. Something doing every minute. Sound good? It's the best in mountain resorts! Grand View, St. Moritz Hotels, Lake Placid, New York.

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IF CRAVING CULTURED company and commendable cuisine, try Interlaken Lodge, Lake St. Catherine, Wells, Vermont. For particulars, address Miss Mabel Taylor.

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ADVERTISING rates for this Classified Department are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any less number of insertions 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department G. H., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

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Double-Crostics: No. 168

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

1-B	2-X	3-E	4-V		5-X	6-W	7-J	8-U	9-K	10-L		11-Y	12-D	13-A	14-J	15-B
16-Q	17-T	18-N	19-K	20-I		21-W	22-N		23-W	24-Y	25-T	26-E	27-G	28-M	29-J	30-P
31-V		32-R	33-S	34-O	35-J	36-D	37-B	38-A		39-C	40-F	41-E		42-A	43-P	44-G
45-B		46-O	47-R	48-S	49-J	50-A	51-B	52-K		53-O	54-A	55-E	56-N		57-K	58-F
59-N	60-A	61-O		62-F	63-M	64-K	65-R	66-D	67-U	68-I	69-B	70-O	71-J	72-H	73-E	74-N
	75-W	76-E		77-C	78-I	79-O		80-F	81-W		82-C	83-F	84-N		85-X	86-P
87-A	88-R	89-Q	90-M	91-H		92-X	93-V	94-I	95-W	96-K	97-C		98-A	99-S	100-H	101-K
102-D	103-R	104-W	105-W		106-C	107-G		108-E	109-F		110-E	111-G	112-F		113-U	114-O
115-R	116-I	117-A	118-J		119-C	120-K		121-B	122-H	123-G	124-N		125-X	126-H	127-Q	128-W
129-L	130-R	131-K	132-S	133-O	134-I	135-Q	136-V	137-H		138-X	139-U	140-V	141-Y	142-C		143-U
144-A	145-E	146-F	147-K		148-O	149-T	150-A	151-P	152-U	153-V		154-W	155-E	156-C	157-V	158-G
	159-N	160-G	161-F		162-L	163-N	164-F	165-P		166-W	167-T		168-G	169-Q	170-J	
171-R	172-Q	173-U	174-M	175-C	176-K	177-J	178-B		179-O	180-P	181-N	182-R	183-B	184-K	185-Q	186-J

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 21 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Last part of any course.
B. Becomes buoyant.
C. Causticity; acridity.
D. Earth goddess (Wagner).
E. Nest-building.
F. A neophyte.
G. State of being Kosher.
H. God (Old Testament).
I. Swimming; floating.
J. Overlapping like shingles.
K. Lately come into style.
L. One of Jacob's sons.
M. Dash (Fr.).
N. Cudgels.
O. Plumpness (Fr.)
P. City in France.
Q. Famous translator of Homer.
R. Excites animosities.
S. Mixture.
T. Energy-yielding foodstuffs.
U. American statesman (1782-1852).
V. Brother of Electra.
W. Living on a single kind of food.
X. Science of moral duty.
Y. Siesta.

WORDS

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144 117 42 50 150 60 13 87 38 98 54

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178 15 51 183 121 69 1 45 37

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141 24 11

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD Q. was glad to hear again from Miss Sarah Ball, the undaunted bookseller who has sold many thousands of books on the arterial highways. At one time she had a chain of Book Filling Stations in Connecticut, which she served with her motor car. Four years ago she set out in an Austin truck to plough new sales fields for Modern Library. ☞Now she has a trailer. Miss Ball writes:—

"After 90,000 miles of truck driving (Austin, Chevrolet and Dodge) this lady is now behind the wheel and luxuriating in the comforts of a Plymouth coupe. In a few days a Hayes 'Crusader' trailer will be attached to the Plymouth and a new chapter will begin. The Plymouth will bear the familiar trade-mark of Modern Library and the trailer, of course, will be 'Random House.' I thought you might be interested to know about this very modern Parnassus, a Parnassus that is to be lived in for a long time.

"This trailer means I shall be away from Kent so much of the time that the lovely house I built in these Litchfield hills is for rent for three or four months. It would take pages to describe the house and the beauty of the location."

☞Dale Warren informs us that Houghton Mifflin will publish next fall a new edition of Myrta Lockett Avary's *Dixie After the War*, discussed on our letter page May 8. ☞The Q. Associates regret that in an excess of zeal they inadvertently broke the release date on the Houghton Mifflin fellowship awards. The news, which we printed last week, should have been held for the current issue.

☞Delighted to hear that *All Brides Are Beautiful*, Thomas Bell's heartening story of life in the Bronx, is one of three novels recommended for the Prix Femina Award by the American committee, of which Edna St. Vincent Millay is president. The other novels recommended are "The Late George Apley" by John P. Marquand and "Castle Indoors" by Helen Hull. ☞Miss Helen L. Hoke has joined Henry Holt & Co. as associate editor in charge of children's books. Miss Hoke was formerly manager of Rosenbaum's Bookshop in Pittsburgh, and for three years was manager of the children's book department of Bullock's in Los Angeles.

☞Every so often one of the Q. associates has occasion to look up a review of an old book. This involves a journey to the end of the files—specifically, a trip through the SRL index, which contains a card for every book received for review by this magazine. Since 1924 we have accumulated some 40,000 cards—a rough estimate: 50 boxes containing about 800 each. Invariably we get sidetracked from the card we intended to look up by the fascination of seeing some of the things people have written books about.

☞Just this morning we got stuck in the box containing all the cards for books called "The Story of" something. It was half an hour before we got out. In the life of this magazine there have been 223 "Stories of" one thing and another. Besides "The Story of Philosophy," "The Story of Mankind," "The Story of the Constitution," and "The Story of Ferdinand," which are well remembered, we find that there have been Stories of Hair, Infancy, Childhood, Surnames, Lip Reading, Near East Relief, and Water Supply. There is a Story of Snuff and Snuff Boxes, and a Story of Energy. Only one Story of Jesus is listed, and one Story of Christmas, but there are three Stories of the Bible, and one Story of the Old Testament. Only one Story of Radio so far, but two Stories of Scotland Yard and three Stories of Religion. ☞We contributed to the list ourselves in calling Thomas Wolfe's series of articles later published as a book, "The Story of a Novel"; and we are surprised to find that Maxim Gorky wrote "The Story of a Novel" in 1925. "The Story of My Life," is a title shared by Queen Marie of Roumania and Clarence Darrow: both books were published by Scribners, Darrow's in 1932 and Queen Marie's in '34. ☞What it was that we were looking up when we got involved in this enterprise has escaped us; but we hope in a week or so to investigate what has been done with "Life and Times of."

GP

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THIRD REICH

by HENRI LICHTENBERGER

Translated and Edited by KOPPEL S. PINSON

"The most illuminating and informative discussion of contemporary Germany that I have yet seen. The author's fairness in recognizing the desirable concrete achievements of Nazism lends additional weight and authority to his revelations of the undemocratic, cruel, and destructive nature of its underlying spirit, and basic policies and methods."
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"It is safe to say that nowhere else will the English-speaking peoples find a more comprehensive, a more accurate, or a more just examination and interpretation of the Germany of today. Professor Lichtenberger is a scholar far too thorough and far too wise to indulge in a criticism which is merely violent and emotional."
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